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Photo. by J. THOMPSON,

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

Grosvenor Street, W.

BETWEEN THE FLAGS.

[N last week's article I had occasion to allude to Ballyohara as having run well in good company on several occasions during the present season, without having actually ever won anything. As a matter of fact, she has gone to the post no less than seven times since jumping began in the autumn of 1896, without having earned brackets, although she ran Swanshot to a length and a half at 11lb. for the New Year's Handicap Steeplechase at Manchester, was third with 10st. 9lb. to Westmeath (10st. 13lb.) and Seaport II. (12st. 3lb.), at Gatwick, and getting 13lb. from the Soarer, finished second to him in the Great Sandown Steeplechase last month. We can, therefore, get at the relative form of several of the best chasers through her.

At Manchester last week, she improved upon all these performances by running a dead heat with Castle Warden for the Manchester Handicap Steeplechase. The latter had 11lb. the

Ardcarn, the former, who is by that useful Irish sire, Atheling, and won five times out of eleven efforts last year, was a bad third, with Ardcarn, who seems to have gone hopelessly to the bad, last.

On the second day the Cheshire Steeplechase of three miles, brought out Wild Man from Borneo, who had been easily beaten at Windsor by Norton. Here he had nothing whatever to beat, so won readily enough. At the same time he is nothing like straight in condition yet, and will, no doubt, be a very different horse at Liverpool in March.

The Trafford Park Handicap Steeplechase was a very curious affair. It certainly looked a good thing for Idalus, who had run well on the same course on the second of this month, and at Nottingham in December last, so it was not surprising that 6 to 4 was laid on him to beat two such moderate opponents as Rosellen and Emigration. He soon began to go back, however,

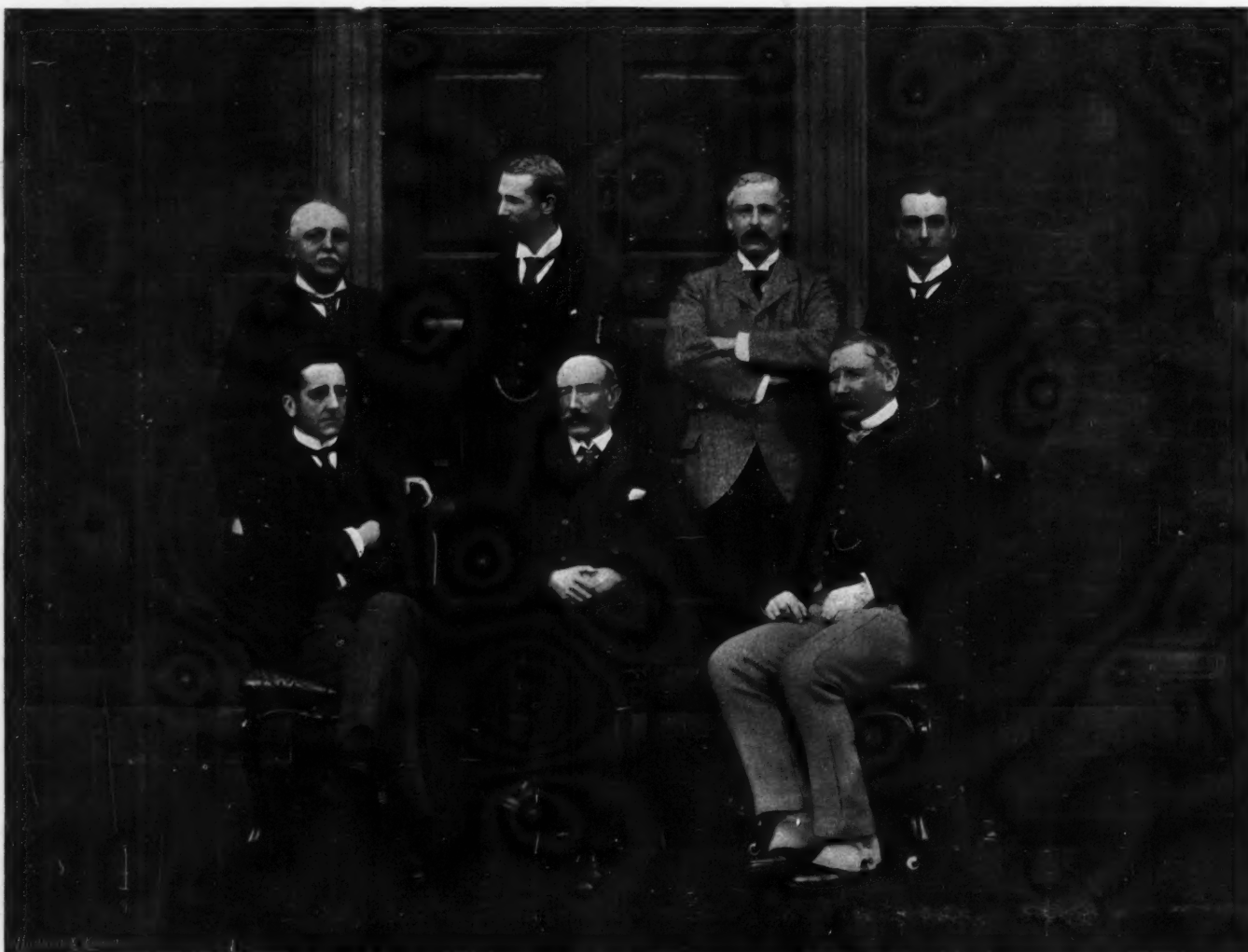


Photo. by Lafayette,

THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON HORSE BREEDING IN IRELAND.

Dublin.

best of the weights, and after his form with Ebor at Nottingham, it did look good for him, although for some reason or another the mare was a better favourite, probably because Williamson was riding her. The race was practically a match between the two, and Castle Warden, a six year old gelding by Buckshot—Flush, who took part in no less than fourteen races last year, was bang in front as they came into the straight, and certainly ought to have won, but the mare kept creeping up, and drawing level in the last two strides made a dead heat of it.

In the run off the betting was even between the two, but it was a good thing for Castle Warden really, and although Ballyohara made most of the running the son of Buckshot carried too many guns for her at the last, and won a good race by a length.

Of these two Castle Warden, with an 8lb. pull in the weights, had run second to Ebor at Nottingham, whilst Lord Shrewsbury's mare, with 13lb. the best of it, finished second to The Soarer at Sandown Park last month. This running makes out Ebor and The Soarer to be very nearly the same horse; but it must not be forgotten that the Nottingham race was only two miles, and that at Sandown Park three miles and a half, and my idea of the situation is that the Waler is probably the best of the pair at the former distance, and the last Liverpool winner superior over longer distances. Of the other two runners, Athelfrith and

and at the start was friendless at 6 to 4 against, whilst those odds were laid on Emigration instead. In the end, however, Rosellen came and beat the pair.

There was plenty of quality in the field which turned out for the January Hurdle Race, and which included such as the aged Swaledale (12st.), the five year old Kale (11st. 6lb.), the debutant Willington, of the same age (11st. 7lb.), and Golden Ring, aged (12st. 3lb.). The latter was made favourite at 2 to 1, but could only get fourth, the winner turning up in Willington, who finished a length and a half in front of Swaledale with Kale, two lengths off, third. This makes the winner as good as Swaledale and Golden Ring and some pounds better than Kale, which is very useful indeed, and he is not unlikely to take rank later on with such high-class jumping recruits as Soliman, Montauk, and Athcliath. He is a four year old chestnut colt by King Monmouth—Reformation, and ran thirteenth time on the flat last year, out of which he won three times. He was bought by his present owner at the last December Sales at Newmarket, and will pay well at his new game. Lord Shrewsbury also purchased Gazeteer and Macbriar at the same time, and as they have both taken to jumping and have class in their favour, they are also likely to show to advantage over the "sticks" when they come out.

UBIQUE.

COUNTRY LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration—and if suitable to accept and pay for—photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, bearing upon any of the subjects of which COUNTRY LIFE can treat, besides literary contributions in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short sporting stories dealing with racing, hunting, etc.

With regard to photographs, the price required, together with all descriptive particulars, must be plainly stated in a letter accompanying the prints. If it is desired, in the case of non-acceptance that the latter should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed envelope must be enclosed for the purpose.

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The portraits of H.R.H. The Princess of Wales and her pet dogs, by Mr. Thomas Fall, of Baker Street, W., were expressly taken for—and published in COUNTRY LIFE by permission of—the proprietors of the "Ladies' Kennel Journal."

An Index to Vol. III. of RACING ILLUSTRATED can be obtained on application by letter—enclosing stamped addressed halfpenny wrapper—to the Manager, COUNTRY LIFE, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, S.W.

Our illustration of Fritz, the champion trotter of Australasia, and the reproduction illustrative of a trotting match on the Moonee Valley Track, in which he did his mile in 2 min. 14 4-5sec., and distanced his two competitors Mystery and Calista, are from photographs taken by Messrs. Wall Bros., St. Kilda, Melbourne.

NOTES ON SPORT.

BY FIELD, PATH AND RIVER.

SINCE my notes appeared last week frost and snow have come in earnest, and sport of all kinds is consequently more or less at a standstill. In another column "Red Rover" tells the tale of the frozen-out fox-hunter in place of his customary delightful description of one of the good runs of the week. Racing has been quite impossible, and what football has taken

place has been played under difficulties, and, to say the least of it, decidedly risky conditions. What used to be designated as "driving snowstorms," but which are now called "blizzards," have been frequent all over the country, and numerous individuals who have been lamenting—forgetful of the dire misery of the winter of '94-'95—that severe seasons are things of the past, and calling out for a touch of what they are pleased to call "a good old-fashioned winter," have got their desire. It is the custom to speak of frost and snow as the accompaniments of healthy, seasonable weather. It is doubtless seasonable, but that it is healthy is very questionable. For the young and vigorous, well fed, and well clothed it possibly may be, but for the old and feeble, but more especially for the three parts starved and ill-clad, it is a bitter, cruel time, a fact which those who derive enjoyment from its rigours will do well to bear in mind, and where opportunity offers to do what they can to mitigate the discomfort that comes to those less able to withstand the icy grip of winter.

Referring to my observations of last week on the hardships van and bus horses have to undergo in London streets, when a sudden frost and fall of snow take place, and the means to hand of easily preventing the waste of, and cruelty to, the hard-working horseflesh of the Metropolis by the adoption of shoeing them over rubber pads, a correspondent writes to me as follows:—"Your remarks on the adoption of horseshoe pads are very much to the point. In my business I employ several heavy carts and vans, and I have used the rubber pads for all my horses for some time past, and find them invaluable. Though, as you say, frost time is more particularly trying to cart and van horses than any other, these pads also prevent slipping on the greasy asphalt and wood pavement, which are very dangerous just when they are getting wet or are in the last stage of drying off." I hear that the principal Omnibus Companies do not use these pads on the score of expense. It is cheaper to lose horses by breakage of their limbs than to take steps to prevent their loss. This is one way of looking at it, of course; a fitting tribute to the commercial spirit of the age.

"When is a beagle not a hound?"—was the conundrum placed before the Kingston magistrates last week. The answer given by the Bench was not wholly satisfactory or even logical—"When he's at exercise." The facts of the case were that a couple and a half of the Surbiton beagles were being exercised without muzzles, their exemption from the general muzzling order being claimed on the ground of their being "a pack of hounds." "What is a pack?" was consequently a preliminary riddle that had to be answered prior to the solution of the great conundrum, and as, to the knowledge of the clerk of the Bench, there does not appear to be any ruling on the point by which the magistrates could be guided as to the exact number that constitutes "a pack," they decided that a couple and a half of hounds could not be so considered, and that in taking out these three beagles unmuzzled the law had been broken.

This is a curious decision, for unless the Bench hold that all the hounds of a pack must be muzzled when at exercise it is difficult to see why there should be any distinction with hounds when taken about in couples or all together. The axiom of our abstruse old acquaintance Euclid holds that the greater includes the less, and by the Act under which the Surrey County Council issue their By-Law as to muzzling "packs of hounds"—that is "packs of hounds at all times," not only "packs of hounds when hunting"—are distinctly exempted. What is sauce for the goose is—or ought to be—sauce for the gander, and as arguments have in certain recent sporting cases been persistently raised against "intention" of Acts of Parliament, and counsel, learned in the law, have cited high authorities who have declined to look beyond the letter of the statute, it is a very open question if the ruling of the Kingston Bench would have been sustained had they inflicted such penalties as would have enabled an appeal against their decision to be made to a superior court.

The Sporting Times is usually so accurate in racing matters, and is so generally accepted as an authority on the Turf all over the world than when a mis-statement does appear in its columns, it is long odds on the error being circulated and copied far and wide. In "Gossip," last week, the following passage appears—"As regards the youngsters, now yearlings, bred at the Royal Stud, unfortunately the brown colt by St. Simon, out of Perdita II., will not have the opportunity of representing the Prince of Wales, who probably now regrets that he parted with him for even so large a sum as Mr. Martin Rucker was pleased to give for him as a foal, for he has been described to me as a grand colt, very likely to prove a worthy successor to his already illustrious brother."

The statement as to the brother to Persimmon having been disposed of is altogether incorrect. Sandringham, the brown

yearling colt by St. Simon from Perdita II., whose portrait appeared in *RACING ILLUSTRATED* last September among those of the mares, yearlings, and foals of the Sandringham Stud, is still the property of the Prince of Wales, nor is there the slightest probability—I might almost say possibility—of the youngster being sold to anyone. The colt bred at Sandringham which was disposed of to Mr. Rucker was the now two year old Dunlop, by Ayrshire out of Fortuna, a very different animal to Sandringham, who, whatever he may turn out on the racecourse, was certainly one of the grandest and best looking foals that have ever been seen.

The celebrated steeplechase mare Empress, who won the Grand National in 1880, when only five years old, died on Friday in last week at Eyrefield Lodge. She was by Blood Royal—Jeu des Mots by King Tom, and was foaled in 1875. She went to the stud in 1883, and her first produce was Eccentric, who won a number of races, and is running still. She produced Emperor the following year, and others of her progeny were Crown Prince, Rufus, and Buttonhole, but by far the best animal she ever bore was Red Prince II., a really high-class chaser. His most notable victory was achieved in the rich Lancashire Steeplechase of £2,170 at Manchester in 1893.

It would be difficult to imagine a much quieter time in connection with the turf than that which we are passing through just now. There has been no very exciting chasing since the year began, it is too early to begin thinking about two year olds and Derby horses, and last, but not least, frost and snow have not only interfered with what would have been an interesting meeting at Hurst Park, but are still hanging about in a manner unpleasantly suggestive of further postponements. In fact the most interesting item of recent news comes to us from a very distant portion of the British Empire, and consists of the full details of the Viceroy's Cup, which was run for recently at Calcutta, and won by the English horse Sprightly. He was only a moderate performer in this country, but has done well out there, as this is the second occasion on which he has proved victorious in the principal event of the Indian racing year.

This is no doubt partly due to the fact that he is a gelding, and partly because his constitution has evidently stood the climate well. The great mistake most people have made in trying to win that race with English horses has been that they have usually imported great heavy-topped stallions, who could do no work, got livers, lost all their action, and went to pieces generally. Australian horses naturally have an advantage over their English cousins in such a country as India, as they are more used to hot weather and hard ground, and are not usually sent over as stallions. At the same time, I have always maintained that any fair class English horse that can stand the climate and do enough work, is always certain to beat the best Waler that I ever saw in India, although, of course, they may be sending over better horses now from Australia than they did ten years ago.

And writing of Australian horses in connection with India, reminds me that a very first class horse, indeed, went over this year to win the Viceroy's Cup. This was Quiver, who, I am told by those who should know, was quite at the top of the tree at the Antipodes. If this be so, and the Australian form is anything like as good as ours, Quiver would, of course, have made short work of Sprightly, but for some reason or another she did not start, and the English representative had no difficulty whatever in disposing of the seven Walers that opposed him; though as we know nothing of the Australian form of any of them, it throws no light on the question which are the best racehorses of the two, English or Australian. For my own part, I think that the Walers are sounder, hardier, bigger boned horses than ours, and better stayers, no doubt, though very few that I have seen have the quality, action, or speed of ours.

The truest made, best balanced, and most bloodlike Australian I have ever seen is Carnage, who is standing at the Cobham Stud, and was not only a clinking good horse in his own country, but is good-looking enough to have won the Ascot Hunt Cup or Liverpool Grand National in this. Paris III, too, has nothing of the Waler type about him, and is much more English in his conformation and appearance. He seems to be very much the same horse too, that he was at home, though the odd thing about him is that, unlike most of his compatriots, he cannot stay more than a mile and a half. However, we may very possibly be able to form more reliable opinions on these subjects before long, as there are several Australians in training in this country at the present moment, and more are due to come. "Mr. Jersey," already has the useful mare Maluma in training at Newmarket, where she has just been joined by Merman, who arrived in this country from Australia, on Sunday last.

I happened to hear, on the evening of that day, that he had just arrived, and I could not help wondering what the unfortunate animal, who had so lately left his sunny native land in the heyday of its summer, must have felt as he landed amidst the sloppy, sunless streets of London town on the afternoon of the most dreary day in a by-no-means brilliant week. I hear that he is a useful-looking four year old—according to Australian time, though, of course, he is a year older according to ours—and he is by the unbeaten Grand Flaneur (son of Yattenden), and therefore a direct descendant of Whisker, through the Colonel, who won our St. Leger. It is worth noticing that we have only one line of Whisker in this country, that through King Tom, by Economist, and Merman's dam Seaweed is by Coltness, by King Tom. His last performance in Australia was to win the Williamstown Cup, beating Bloodshot, and The Skipper, who had run second and third for the Melbourne Cup only the week before.

One of the most important events of the New Year has been the meeting of the Jockey Club, which was held at Derby House, St. James's Square, last week. Its principal business, after that of confirming and declaring urgency for the new rules about the much discussed subject of handicapping and handicappers, was to discuss Lord Suffolk's motion to add the following words to Rule 4, which says that "no race shall be run later than the week which includes the 22nd November; 'but the Jockey Club will sanction weight for age races for four year olds and upwards, over a distance of two miles or upwards, with a minimum weight of 9st. 7lb., and of not less value than £200, such races to be run under the authority of the N.H. Committee, and winners shall be liable to penalty as though they had won under the Rules of Racing.'" It would be quite impossible to imagine anything better calculated to improve National Hunt racing, and at the same time foster and encourage the breeding, training, and running of horses for long distance races than this, and yet it has called forth quite a flood of prejudiced and ignorant criticism.

That some writers are opposed to it on personal and prejudiced grounds must be evident to everyone, and is, therefore, not so difficult to understand, but the absolute ignorance of many on the subject about which they have so rashly rushed into print is equally obvious, and wholly unintelligible. From an abnormal blindness, almost impossible to understand, the majority of these critics imagine, or pretend to imagine, that there will at once be a vast increase in the year's racing, whereas I should have thought that it must be evident to everyone that the only result will be to improve that which already exists.

As a matter of fact the Jockey Club have for some years past allowed, and tacitly consented to, the very self-same thing that Lord Suffolk proposes (except as regards the minimum weight of 9st. 7lb., and winners being liable to penalties under the Rules of Racing). But for the honourable understanding between the two ruling bodies, referred to by Lord Suffolk at the meeting whereat he brought forward his motion, it is obvious that the National Hunt Committee had the power of abolishing the qualification for their flat races without reference to anyone. That the Jockey Club have approved of the principle involved is quite the best thing that has been done for years. We shall now see the N.H. rule, which is the only obstacle to the success of their flat races, abolished, and the winners of those races carrying penalties under the Rules of Racing, which of course it is only right that they should do. On Lord Rendlesham's suggestion, it was decided that the alterations should be laid before the Rules Committee, at their next meeting at Newmarket, when they will no doubt be put into shape, and eventually become law.

From what Lord Suffolk said, he evidently understands what he wants, which is more than some of the speakers seem to have done, and it is eminently satisfactory to know that he intends to go on with his proposals, and that they will some day become law. What puzzles me so much is that so many, even of those in authority, seem to ignore the fact that National Hunt flat-racing not only takes place now at many meetings held under the Rules of Racing, but that it actually is "racing" according to the definition of those very rules. However, it is satisfactory to know that the whole matter will shortly be put on an intelligible and sensible basis, and that we shall not only see good two-mile racing under N.H. rules, all the winter, but also a great improvement in the quantity and quality of our long-distance runners generally.

There has been very little racing to write about since these notes were last published. Frost and snow have made an unwelcome appearance, the second day of Hurst Park had to be postponed for a week, Gatwick to Monday and Thursday next, and at the moment of writing the weather is more suggestive of skating than of racing or hunting. There was a fair day's sport

on Molesey Hurst on Friday, although it was rather spoilt by the weather and by the snow coming over just in time to prevent the Riverside Hurdle Race being run. The Maiden Hurdle Race Plate, with which proceedings began, brought out a field of eleven, including those two useful four year olds Hawkwood and Bayreuth. The latter of these had 7lb. the best of the weights, so was naturally made favourite. He was easily beaten, however by Hawkwood, who is evidently going to make a good horse at this game, though both had to knock under to the aged Playwright, who started at 10 to 1, and won by six lengths.

Peter Melville followed up his previous successes by winning the Middlesex Handicap Steeplechase, by twenty lengths, from Prince Edward, from whom he was receiving 22lbs., with Melton Constable, giving him 4lbs. only, beaten off, and this six year old son of Peter will win plenty more races of this sort in his own class. Bevil, a six year old chaser, that will some day win a good race over fences walked over for the Surbiton Steeplechase, and then, just as the numbers had gone up for the Riverside Hurdle Race, the snow came down. It is much to be hoped that the second day, which now includes the race just mentioned, will be brought off on Saturday, as it promises to be the best day of the two.

There has been a protracted correspondence going on in the papers of late among members of the Lingfield Club on the subject of their having to pay for special return railway tickets, which include admission to the course, whereas, being members of the club, they are entitled to free admission by virtue of their membership. I have long foreseen that this question would be some day raised somewhere or another, but it seems to me that the complainants in this case are in very much the same position as the workers in the vineyard, who, having worked all day, fell foul of their employer for paying other men the same wage for less work. Special race trains are always run at reduced fares, and as long as club members travel for less than they would by an ordinary train I cannot see what they have to complain of. The system of issuing railway tickets admitting to the course has been adopted as a convenience by most race-course officials, and is a matter entirely between them and the railway companies, and it certainly seems a little dog-in-the-manger-ish for the members of a club to grumble because non-members get an additional advantage, which is of no use to themselves.

For genuine sport there are few competitions to compare with that for the London Charity Cup. And that, for the reason that it is a competition confined to amateur clubs. It was in the season of 1885-86 that the project was first mooted, and the following season, thanks to the exertions of Sir Reginald Hanson—who will always be remembered as one of London's most popular Lord Mayors—the event became an accomplished fact. Eight of the strongest of the London clubs were invited to play against each other, the proceeds of the gates of the matches being handed over to London charities. The idea proved a capital one, while it is satisfactory to find public interest in the competition and the anxiety of "crack" players to participate in the fixtures both on the increase. Since the institution of the competition the Cup has been won by the Casuals three times, whilst the Swifts—for whom Mr. Ted Brann used to play such a dashing game—and the Crusaders each obtained two successes.

Strange to say, both of the latter clubs are now defunct, whilst the Royal Arsenal, who won in 1889-90, afterwards embraced professionalism and became the Woolwich Arsenal F.C. It is pretty safe to aver that the final tie has never been fought out by two such representative sides as took the field last Saturday week at Leyton. They were the Old Carthusians, winners last year, and the Casuals. For the latter, L. V. Lodge and J. Oakley, the full backs, will be recollected as distinguishing themselves at Cambridge and Oxford respectively, whilst both have secured International caps. The latter remark also applies to R. R. Barker, C. J. Burnup, and R. Topham. Then, on the other hand, on the side of old Carthusians there was that prince of centre-forwards G. O. Smith, C. Wreford-Brown (the old International half-back), E. H. Bray, and E. F. Buzzard—to say nothing of the brothers Stanbrough.

In the result the Old Carthusians failed to maintain their right to the trophy, although many experts thought they had the best of the game. As he always does, G. O. Smith worked splendidly, but the defence of Lodge and Oakley was well-nigh impassable, and when the famous backs were outdone, Campbell—in goal—was generally equal to the occasion. There was any amount of charging, yet no fouling, and the pace all through was decidedly fast. Until about twenty minutes from the close the Old Boys looked more like winning than the Casuals, but then their strength was spent. At half-time the Casuals only led by

a goal, but when the Carthusian collapse occurred, Collier put on three and Topham one, so that the Casuals won by five to love. The victory was well deserved in every way. In certain quarters exception has been taken to the composition of the winning side, and the Casuals have even been accused of "whipping" up an eleven. This is all nonsense, for Lodge, Oakley, and Burnup, the three men principally spoken of, are all on the committee of the club.

Football this week has been considerably interfered with by frost. Still, plenty of matter for comment has cropped up, and the minds of followers of the winter game have been considerably exercised, even if their limbs have not been similarly engaged. The second Rugby International match of the season will (weather permitting), be decided this afternoon—Saturday, at Glasgow, when Scotland meets Wales. After the fine form the Welshmen displayed against England, they are naturally great favourites, and although popular fancy is likely to be justified on this occasion, it is by no means certain that the victory of the principality will be so easily achieved as some critics imagine. The Scotch selection committee have been hauled over the coals all round. By some critics the three-quarters have been denounced as bad. By others, the half-backs are declared to be the weak spot, whilst another section takes exception to the forwards. There is no doubt that the Scotch Committee have tried several experiments. At the same time the form shown against the two English Universities proves either that our Rugby football is very weak this season, or that the "laddies" across the border are pretty good. One thing that would tell against the Scotchmen is that the weather for a couple of weeks practically stopped Rugby football in Scotland.

In connection with this same International Championship, the prospects of the Irishmen retaining the laurels they won last year appear pretty rosy. They meet England first, on February 6th, when they will have the advantage of playing on their own soil. It is significant that the Irish Committee have chosen all but four of the fifteen that came off victorious against the other countries last season. Forward, McIlvaine, Ryan, and E. Forrest replace Cream, Lindsay, and O'Connor. At back Bulger gives way to L. H. Gwynn, but as the last named is at present on the injured list, it is just possible that Bulger will play after all. The English side does not show radical alteration from that defeated at Newport, and no better fate, as regards defeat or victory, can be expected for it, although on a dry ground it is quite likely that the English pack will fare a bit better than they did against the Welshmen.

Another phase of the professional question, as viewed by the officials of the Rugby Union was reached on Monday night, when a special meeting of the International Board was held at the Craven Hotel, Charing Cross. Now Mr. Arthur J. Gould, of Newport, undoubtedly one of the finest three-quarter backs of the age, and a gentleman who has participated in something nearly approaching thirty international matches, announced his intention last season of retiring from Rugby football. Thereupon some influential Welsh newspapers proposed a testimonial in his honour, and the shillings rolled in like water. Like many others, however, Mr. Gould, after a period of idleness, found his love of the game too much for him, and once more donned a jersey. The public subscribed something like £700 towards the fund, but on Monday the Board practically decided that if Mr. Gould accepted either money or kind it would constitute him a professional.

On the same evening the Football Association Council mountain was in labour, and brought forth about the most ridiculous mouse on record. One of the most important matters before the meeting was the consideration of Mr. N. L. Jackson's attitude over the scratch teams question. The whole history of this affair was gone into in the first issue of COUNTRY LIFE, so no good purpose will be served by re-producing the facts now. Suffice it to say that a certain section of the Council of the Football Association framed an indictment of the Hon. Sec. of the Corinthians, and called upon that gentleman to resign his Vice-Presidency of the Association. Point-blank Mr. Jackson declined to do anything of the sort, and on Monday he was asked, in more or less grandiloquent language, "What he had to say in reference to his conduct." His reply was very pertinent. Mr. Jackson simply said "The Council made the matter public. I did the same in reply. I have nothing more to add." Mr. Jackson has certainly acted with dignity all through the piece. The same can hardly be said of the Football Association Council.

From time to time a lot of fuss is made about the composition of teams selected to uphold the honour of London, or Middlesex, at Association Football. Both the London F.A. and the Middlesex F.A. adhere rigidly to the principles of amateurism,

and we are periodically treated, in certain quarters, to diatribes on the enormity of not allowing professionals places in doing battle for the City or the County. Suppose the professional clubs were asked to contribute their quota of players to such contests, what would happen? On this point it may perhaps be to the point to allow the Hampshire County secretary to tell his experience. On the 20th inst. Hampshire had to meet Devon. Five members of the Southampton St. Mary's—a professional—team were asked to assist their county on this important occasion. To give the men their due they were willing to do so, but the club executive swooped down and refused permission. Three days later Southampton St. Mary's were due to play Millwall Athletic in the Southern League Championship, and as the St. Mary's are well in the running for the premiership, the club executive will not hear of their paid servants risking the least chance of accident by participating in another match just beforehand. Another proof of the great benefits conferred upon sport by professional football!

The Football Association, are contemplating doing a very peculiar thing. They have before them a recommendation of a committee, that a professional player, on joining the army, shall be allowed to make immediate application for re-instatement as an amateur. In this connection it would be as well to have the meaning of the word immediate clearly define. Further, it seems distinctly unfair that gentlemen should be asked to play on an equality with any rough and ready customer simply because he happens to be a soldier. At the same time, the whole affair seems not worth talking about. That is the great fault of the Football Association. They are continually tinkering with matters that do not require their interference, and instead of promoting sport, they stifle it with over legislation. Professional footballers who join the Army are not likely to do so in the capacity of officers. Being members of the rank and file

they would naturally prefer to play with their peers, and not occupy any false position. Your true Tommy Atkins is a real good fellow, who knows his place, and does not want to pose as anything different to what he is. The Football Association might very well let him alone and attend to the more important business of rendering some of its own rules intelligible.

By the time that these notes appear in print, the racing shoe will again have been donned in earnest at the Universities. The absence from home of Mr. H. J. Davenport has deprived the Cantabs of a very useful athlete, and one of the most popular of presidents. The team I understand will again be trained by Jack White, the old L.A.C. professional, and although the fixture list is not yet quite complete, of course all attention will shortly be focussed on the Inter-Varsity contest at Queen's Club which is fixed for April 2nd, and is as usual the day before the boat race. At Oxford the athletic prospects are in every way favourable, but it is authoritatively stated that the O.U.A.C. will not meet the L.A.C. this year and there is no probability of an Oxford and Cambridge v Vale and Harvard athletic contest this season.

The action of the delegates of the Southern Counties Cross Country Association at the National Cross Country Union, in tendering the resignation of the S.C.A. from the Union because their request that the National Championships should be held in the neighbourhood of London was not acceded to, has been a good deal criticised in some quarters. After all there is nothing very remarkable in the demand, for not only does the south supply more than three quarters of the men who compete for the championships, but the northern courses are notoriously bad—so bad, indeed, that on more than one occasion cross country running has been attended with no small amount of danger.

HIPPIAS.

O'ER THE DOWNS SO FREE.

I often wonder why it is that we see so few visitors on Epsom Downs. The place is within easy reach of London; the scenery is beautiful; the air is pure and invigorating, leaving, occasionally, a taste of brine on the lips; everybody is free to come and go; there is a delightful entertainment without charge, and yet nobody comes. Here I may be asked by the reader who expects to have full value for his money (or he will cease to improve his mind) to name the delightful entertainment that is conducted on the eleemosynary principle. It is provided by the racehorses. For a couple of hours in the morning—say from nine to eleven in winter, and from about six to eight in the summer—they make the Downs very lively while doing their work; and, whether the visitor be a lover of sport or of nature, or of both, he is sure to enjoy himself while watching their gallops. He will see more than on the racecourse, and—blessed arrangement of providence—he can't bet.

Roaming o'er the Downs so free, with mind alert to appreciate the various beauties of the scene, we must give first place to the racehorses, of course. They surround us on every side; a sportsman could watch them for ever. Be in time, don't miss a gallop. Take up your position by the mile post, and sitting comfortably on the rails or strolling about, you will be able to see practically all that is going on. Keep your eye, to begin with, on Middle Hill. The horses come up that ascent slowly in their first canter; while the trainer on his pony, waiting at the half distance, carefully notes their action. That is he, the short, stout, red faced man, lost in thought. If you speak to him he may reply when he has come to the surface again. Perhaps not even then. After a lapse of time it is easy to forget the frivolous remarks of people.

But the trainer, sitting quietly on his hack, knows what is going on around him o'er the Downs so free, even if his flashes of speech are fitful. For his own horses, as they canter past him up the hill, he is, so to speak, all eye. If one "goes short," being wrong either in front or behind, he notices the defect at once. "Lame again!" he groans, "and after all my trouble. Wanted to run next week, and can't stride over a straw. It's enough to make a man roll in drink." Then the worthy trainer canters after his horses up the hill, showing us by the flourish of his arms how he used to ride winners before he took up eating as a fine art, and the lame horses are sent home. They do no more work that day. How can they work on three bad legs and an unpicturesque "swinger?"

So much for the first canter up Middle Hill—five furlongs against the collar. It is just a pipe opener, and does good. Next comes the more serious business. The horses are walked about amongst the furze bushes for a short time while the trainer looks them over again and arranges for the gallops. Some of them, we notice have a top sheet over the saddle attached to it by a surcingle; that, to an experienced eye, carries its own fateful meaning. The horses thus adorned are to be galloped.

The top sheet is slipped off, the saddle is revealed, with a simple white rubber underneath; the "lad" has a leg up, and everything is ready. They are going two miles, all round the middle downs. If the enthusiastic visitor has taken our advice and is hugging the mile post on the Derby course, he may see nearly the whole of this exhilarating gallop.

Four horses take part in it. They start close to Sherwood's cottage, sweep round the famous Tattenham Corner, are steadied slightly when passing the stand (the "going" is often rather rocky at that point), are let out more in the straight near Langley Bottom, then turn to the left and have a good six or seven furlongs before them, pulling up at the top of Tattenham Hill. That is a beautiful gallop, nearer two miles and a half than two miles. It is fair give-and-take all the way, with plenty of dirt in the bad weather. I have ridden it many a time; and if one is a bit out of condition, not quite "clean inside," as the training experts phrase it, one blows a great deal on pulling up, and, after easing the girths, has a longing to fly to the ancient Rubbing House on the other side of the downs, so as to restore the failing energies of nature at a small expense. How fit one feels afterwards! No one would be ill, everyone would live for ever, I think, if they would "roam," as described o'er the downs so free and enjoy the real exhilaration of manhood.

The idea should not be cherished, however, that there is nothing but racehorses to see on the downs. True, they are a principal part of the delightful entertainment which costs nothing, but there are side-shows also free to those who possess their freedom. Who does not like to hear the merry tootling of the horn? Well, here the hounds come, not crashing out of covert certainly, on a burning scent—the deer has just been turned out of the cart. I am interested in this more as a spectacle than as a sport. Though I have chased the fatted calf, I have never felt like the prodigal son while doing so, my emotions having been more akin to those which thrill youthful students when rat-killing on Sunday mornings, in the small paddock at the back of the stables. It is all a matter of taste. Some like currant-jelly, others a little aniseed on a trail; a few love to fly along behind the lordly stag, not eager to catch him, only to see him caught; but give me the good old sport of fox-hunting. You may see the fox-hounds, too, on the Downs sometimes. The country is not a good one; it is too hilly and cramped, the woods are too large, there is little grass and, alas! a great deal of wire. Wire everywhere, and not a fence to jump! Even in the hedges along the borders of the beautiful Downs one can notice the presence of this insidious enemy. And as to this a tale may be told.

One estate not a hundred miles from the five-furlong starting-post is wired pretty nearly all round, and the proprietor poses as a sportsman! At a recent local "function" at which real sportsmen attended he made a speech—not a bad speech if he had not called the hounds "dogs" and had generally said

less. He reserved his grand *coup* for the end. He stated that he should be pleased to see the hunt over his land. "Good lord!" exclaimed an ancient sportsman, "he wishes to kill us all. Every field is wired." The kind invitation was not accepted.

Such national sports and pastimes as rabbit-coursing, rat-catching, etc., are abundantly illustrated on the Downs at the proper time and season—frequently on Sunday mornings. But I will not tell tales out of school. We see what we see, even if we say nothing. While roaming o'er the Downs, bathed in sunshine and inhaling the pure air with serenest delight, I have witnessed the slaughter of the rodents—yea, even at an hour when respectable people were in church; and, strange to say, I have never felt any very acute pangs of conscience.

Lovers of nature will find the time pass quickly on Epsom Downs. After they have watched the horses, and the scurrying rabbits, and the small jockeys scampering about on hacks, and the sheep crop, cropping as they go—although I am not sure whether lovers of nature do notice such things—they may turn their attention to the picturesque surroundings which delight the eye. These have been described in musical prose by abler pens than mine. I am an ink slinger, not a word painter. I have a little sense, no style. Suffice it then to state that the Downs are full of pretty "bits," that the views on a clear day are glorious, and that if a man or woman—better perhaps a man *and* woman—cannot enjoy themselves here, their heart is not in the right place. They are lovers of themselves, perchance of each other, but not of Nature.

G. G.

THE OWNER OF BENDIGO.



Photo, by ELLIOTT & FRY,

MR. HEDWORTH T. BARCLAY.

Baker Street.

THE SOUTHCOURT STUD.

THERE are few of us who have not felt a thrill of excitement, as we have stood and watched a field of high-class horses fighting out the finish of some classic race, or seen two famous 'chasers landing locked together over the last fence at Liverpool; and yet, even amidst such stirring scenes, one's mind often goes back to the quiet country paddocks where we once saw these very horses, perhaps, as foals, and where their dams may still be strolling lazily about, with other foals at foot.

Certainly there is no pleasanter way of spending a summer afternoon than that of wandering through some famous stud, such as that at Southcourt, where everything is as nearly perfect as possible, and where we are reminded at every turn of great winners who have spent their foalhood in its paddocks, and see future champions in the foals and yearlings that are still there.

It cannot be said that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild was especially smiled upon by fortune in the early years of his turf career, but he comes of a race not easily daunted, so the fickle goddess gave in at last, and the Southcourt boxes are now so full of winning blood, that nearly everything born there, must, almost of necessity, be a racehorse.

paddocks lately laid out. These are seven in number, large roomy enclosures, lying open to the sun, close under the hill on the way to Ascot, with a plentiful supply of water, and each one planted round with thick thorn hedges. In fact, a great feature of all the south coast paddocks is their size, so that the young stock have abundant room in which to exercise themselves, and learn to use their limbs.

Among this year's Southcourt-bred two year olds, who were yearlings when I saw them there last autumn, just before they went to Newmarket, one of the best, to my thinking, is Dony, a real good-looking colt, by Donovan, from Eira (Galeazzo's dam), by Kisber—Æolia by Parmesan, her dam Breeze, by King Tom. This is certainly a youngster of the greatest promise, with a lot of power, great reach, long sloping shoulders, and beautifully turned quarters. His sire has shown us in Velasquez that he can now get racehorses, and although Dony wants plenty of time, and may not come to hand quite so quickly as some, he is not likely to be hurried, where he is, and I shall be very much surprised if he does not turn out a great racehorse. He has thirteen engagements this year, including the



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SOUTHCOURT HOUSE.

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On arriving at Southcourt one comes first to SOUTHCOURT HOUSE, where the genial Mr. Edw. Burroughs, who presides so ably over the destinies of this important establishment, resides. A native of North Yorkshire, which has turned out so many good sportsmen, and great horses, he brings to his duties all that practical knowledge and experience so necessary to such a responsible position, added to an enthusiasm in their performance, without which great things are seldom done.

To a real lover of the British thoroughbred—and there is no animal in the whole world, human or otherwise, to be compared with him—a chat with Mr. Burroughs, who has forgotten more than most men know, must always be no small pleasure, and the last time I was fortunate to spend an afternoon with him at Southcourt, I left it quite convinced that St. Frusquin could not lose the St. Leger, and that his beautiful yearling sister, Isabinda, was sure to be as good a racehorse as himself.

Behind the manager's house are the yearling yards, and on the other side of these, the stallion boxes, where Brag, by Struan (by Blair Athol), his best son, Bumptious, the blood-like Morglay by St. Bevy's, the beautiful Lactantius, by Petrarch, Roswal by Kisber, and Braggadocio by Brag, hold court, the two latter, who are kept for the use of the Buckingham farmers, have all the appearance of very high-class hunters.

From these you wander up a slight incline to a number of well arranged paddocks, and beyond these again are the new

Woodcote, Richmond, and Prendergast Stakes, and whatever he his fate in these, I shall expect him to be a real good three year old.

A very beautiful filly is AYAA, by Ayrshire—Biserta (dam of Utica), by Lord Lyon—Parma, by Parmesan. A good hard brown she is, with all the best Hampton quality, plenty of size and length, and as far as anyone can judge from the make, shape, and general character of a young two year old—not to forget that most important matter, blood—almost certain to race. She is very heavily engaged, having had fifteen engagements made in her name, amongst which are such important events as the New Stakes at Ascot, the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, and the Clearwell Stakes and Middle Park Plate at Newmarket.

A very good filly, when I saw her last, was GALINTHA, with a wonderful back, and loins, plenty of reach, big knees and hocks, and a rare mover. She is by Galopin from Fiddler's Wife, by Beauclerc—Skotzka, by Blair Athol, and gave me the idea of going very fast indeed. She has some engagements this season, three of which are the Exning Plate, at Newmarket, the Zetland Plate at York, and the Stanley Stakes at Epsom. She looks to me quite like making a good two year old.

A colt that has a lot to like about him, and has improved very much since I saw him last, as I was sure that he would, is GLATISANT, a bay colt by Galopin, out of Glade, by Macaroni—Verdure, by King Tom, her dam, May Bloom by Newminster.

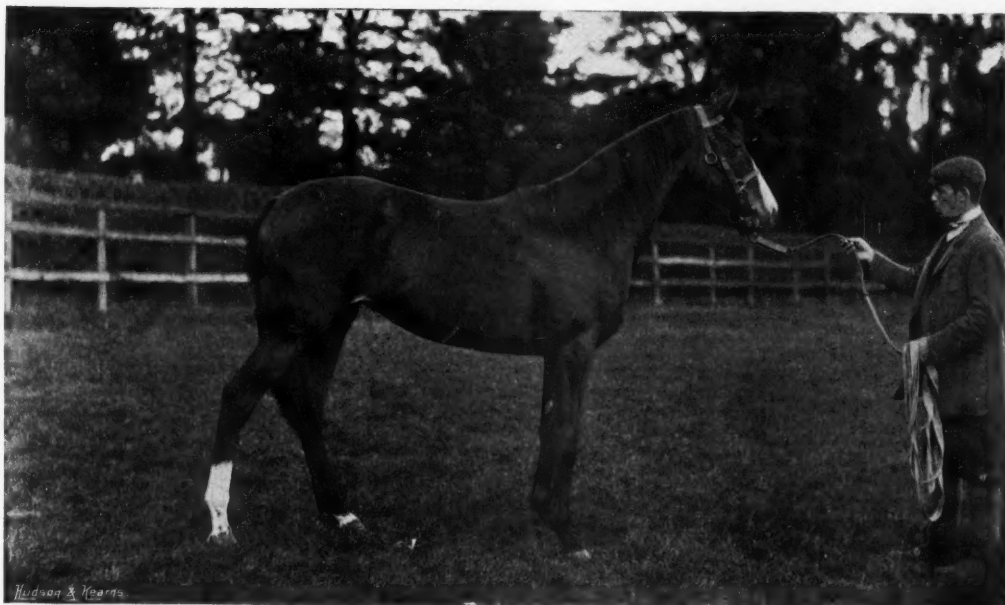


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

PIE POWDER, BY MORGLAY—THEMIS.

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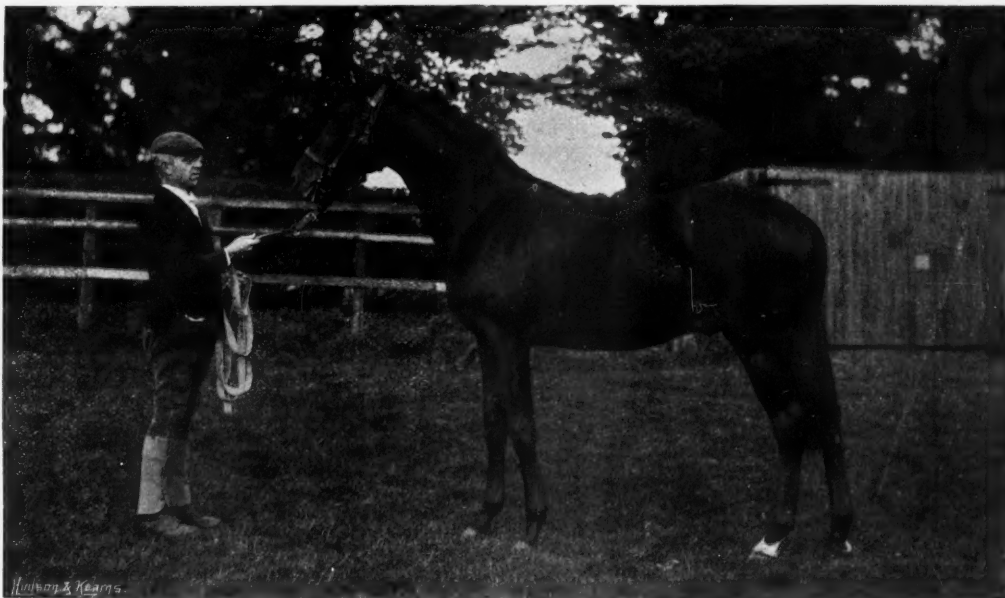


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

GLATISANT, BY GALOPIN—GLADE.

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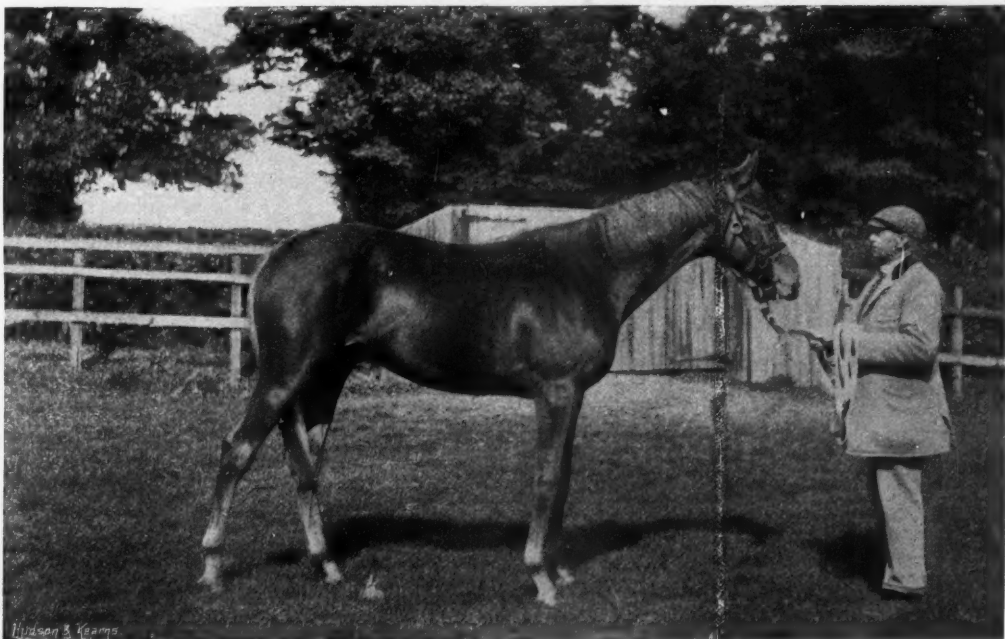


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

DONY, BY DONOVAN—EIRA.

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He is a great, big, loose-built colt, as yet, but when he has thickened and furnished, will, I am sure, be upsides with the best. He has eleven engagements, and can try his luck in the July, Richmond, and Astly Stakes, or The Dewhurst Plate, and I think he will be a very good colt about the time that the latter is run.

It would be quite impossible to write ten lines about Southcourt, without making mention of its most brilliant representative, the gallant *St. Frusquin*, of whom an excellent portrait will be found amongst the pictures which illustrate this stud. *St. Simon* has sired several great fillies since he first went to the stud, and many speedy horses too, but last year, for the first time, he had two absolutely first-class three year old colts in *Persimmon* and *St. Frusquin*. These two were undoubtedly much above the average, and which of them was the best it would be very hard to say. In fact I have always thought that they were identically the same, and that however often they had met it would have been a mere toss-up which of the two would win.

As a two year old *St. Frusquin* won both the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates, and was only beaten once, by *Teufel*, to whom he was giving 12lb., at Kempton Park. This was undoubtedly more or less a fluke, although, like all the *Despairs*, *Teufel* had the gift of going, as a two year old, and may have been a very good horse that day.

As a three year old he won the Two Thousand Guineas, and took his only licking from *Persimmon* at Epsom. At the same time it must not be forgotten that he had won three times that spring, whereas his great rival had been specially kept and prepared for that one race, in addition to which I happen to know that *St. Frusquin* was not at his very best that day. He ran a really good, game colt though to the end, and although his lengthier rival outstrode him at the finish, he fought it out with all his characteristic fire, and was only just beaten by a fitter horse.

In the Princess of Wales's Stakes at Newmarket, soon afterwards, he met his Epsom conqueror with a 3lb. pull in the weights, and beat him with more than that in hand, I thought. At Sandown Park he won the Eclipse Stakes in great style, and then the question as to which of *St. Simon*'s two sons would win the *St. Leger* became the all-absorbing topic of the day.

Unfortunately horses are not machines, and constant work on unusually hard ground told its inevitable tale on *St. Frusquin*. He was at once struck out of the Doncaster event that the public might



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

AYAH, BY AYRSHIRE-BISERTA.

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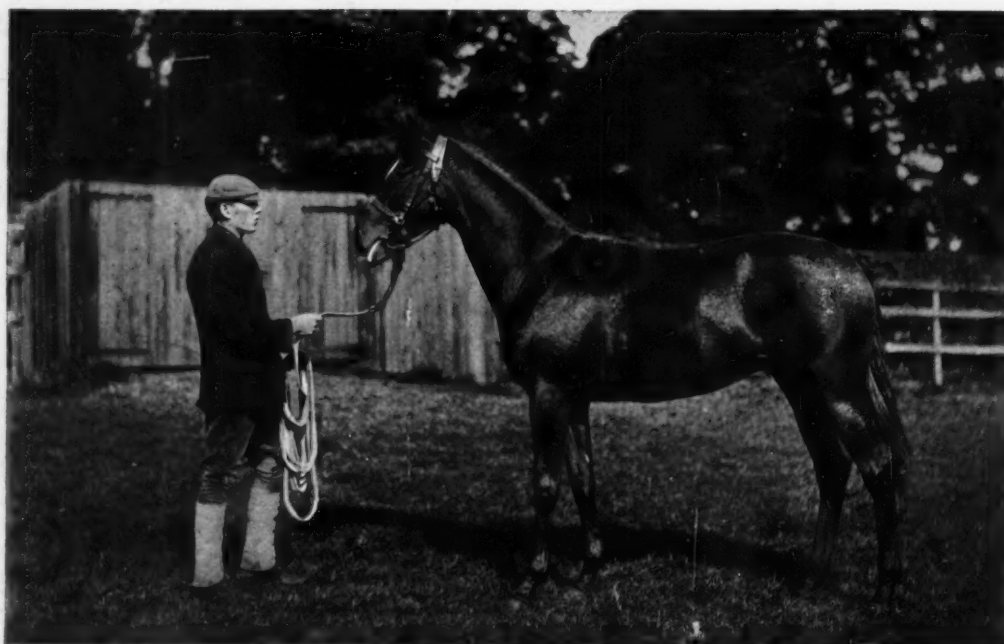


Photo. by W. A. Rouch. GALINTHA, BY GALOPIN - THE HIDDLEY'S WIFE.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

EXERCISING YEARLINGS.

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not lose their money by backing a horse whose starting was of course doubtful, but it was thought and hoped that he might be all right again by the autumn, or at least be able to oppose his great rival for the Cups of the following year. But it was not to be. The trouble was too deep-seated, and in due course we heard, with regret, that he would run no more, and was to retire to the stud forthwith.

That he was a great race-horse there can be no denying, combining speed, stamina, and the most indomitable courage I have ever seen. He possessed marvellous reserves of vital energy under all circumstances, and was seen at his very best in a close finish. He is not a particularly taking horse to look at walking about, being rather short, and a bad walker in front, but he has a marvellous back, loins, and quarters, and one forgot everything else when one saw him extended. His breeding too is unexceptional. By St. Simon, from Isabel, by Plebeian — Parma, by Parmeson, her dam Archeress, by Longbow. Needless to say that his list is full for this season, at 200 guineas, and I shall be much surprised if he is not quite as successful at the stud as he was on the turf.

I have already alluded to the duties and responsibilities of those who have the charge of young blood-stock. They are "kittle cattle" to deal with, and the man who has to break them has more to do with their future than some people think. Many a good youngster has been for ever ruined in the breaking, and many a great winner would never have won a selling race, if it had not been for the patience, temper, and aptitude of the man who gave him his first lessons.

So, too, when the young thoroughbred has been ever so well broken, the good may be all undone if he be badly or injudiciously treated. At that period of his existence almost everything he has to do is a lesson to him, one way or the other, and the man who superintends the exercising of a troop of high couraged and valuable yearling, has no small responsibility on his shoulders. Which of us does not know, by experience, how some yearlings come into a sale ring half dead with fright, and utterly uncontrollable, whilst others take everything as a matter of course, and are as well mannered as an old horse would be under similar circumstances.

The Southcourt yearlings would certainly belong to the latter category were they ever to be exposed to the ordeal of a public sale, as I have never seen quieter or more confident yearlings anywhere. In fact, neither foals or yearlings show any fear of anything, and seem to look upon man as



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

BREAKING YEARLINGS.

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their natural friend and ally, whose mere presence is quite enough to protect them against all unknown dangers. As a proof of this I may mention the fact that, on going round the paddocks with my interesting guide Mr. Burroughs, I noticed more than one youngster come galloping up to us when it saw him and heard his voice calling them.

In my next article I shall have a word to say about St. Frusquin's two year old sister, Isabinda, and also about some of the brood mares who have made this stud famous, and who, I hope, will continue to do so for many years to come.

UBIQUE.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

ST. FRUSQUIN, BY ST. SIMON--ISABEL.

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FLY FISHING.

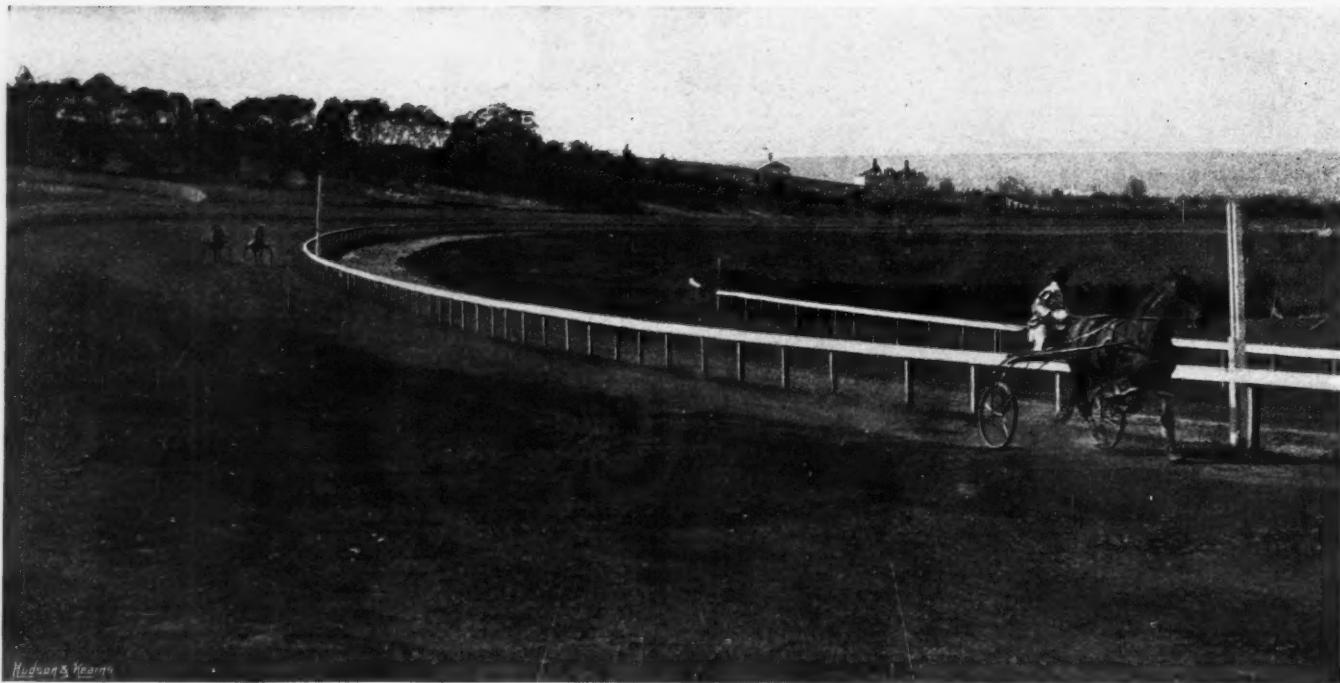
WHAT ardent sportsman does not hail the New Year gladly? Yes! his pulse quickens as he thinks of the splendid feeding there must be in the rivers and the sport that is to be better than ever—for surely to no class of sportsman does the proverb "Hope springs eternal in the human breast" apply so aptly as to the fly fisherman. He hunts up his tackle cases—gazes reverently on the "Jock Scott" that lured the 20-pounder to his doom—*very reverently*—for this very fly killed his first salmon. Did he not promptly have a Jock Scott brooch made and sent to his lady love? Will he ever forget the dash of that fish as he seized the fly directly it alighted on the water? Ah! those rushes—those leaps—does he not live every second over again? Will he not ever remember how his back ached—his muscles quivered, as after 30 minutes hard fighting he reeled him gradually up—up—until the gillie—watching his opportunity—gaffed the exhausted beauty—and there he lay brilliant in hue—glorious even in death. Is it true that he danced round that fish like a boy and felt prouder than if he had "taken a city"? There is no surer moment in a sportsman's life than killing his first salmon—every care and trouble vanishes, and although he may subsequently creel his hundreds—never more can he experience an ecstasy that comes only once in a lifetime. And yet he loves the sport more and more, and each year

finds him keener and keener, for now he knows how to "finesse" his victims—how he gives one the butt, allows another to play the sweetest of sweet music on the reel, guides him hither and thither, suddenly giving him a pull up streams, and then down, until the bewildered monster suddenly caves in, turns on his side, and—R.I.P.

Salmon fishing is now so expensive a sport that it may well be termed the sport of kings, for it does not come within the ken of ordinary mortals; although there are still some excellent free casts on the Tweed between Peebles and Innerleithen; and a better field, or rather river, for a beginner, there could not be. The banks both sides are free and open, so there is no fear of getting hung up; and in February and March there are plenty of salmon and sea trout, the latter running from 4 to 16lbs. The salmon then are mostly kelt, and have to be returned; but they are a splendid education for the novice. Thus in October and November—providing there is plenty of water—it is no uncommon thing to get three fresh run fish in a day—and "bonnie fish too." And so with the new year there is a flutter in angling "cotes." Some are hurrying off to Loch Tay, and how keen they must be—how robust, for it is no joke being pulled up and down a Scotch loch in the depth of winter, with a good old northeaster blowing.

CAPTAIN JACK.

TROTTING IN AUSTRALIA.



ON THE MOONEE VALLEY TRACK.

THE CHAMPION TROTTER OF THE ANTIPODES.



FRITZ.



HELPING HIMSELF.

IN the olden times many of the northern training stables were controlled, either wholly or in part, by some big bookmaker. Charley Pincham, it was common gossip, knew all about Old Ben Barlow's horses at Dullton-on-the-Moor, and did not old Dame Gibson—like a mother to the lads, she was—once threaten to have that burly layer of odds, John Richardson, tarred and feathered—or something like it—if he didn't release the stable in general from his thralldom, and allow somebody besides himself to "get a bit" on occasion?

"A tell thee straight, John—an' a niver spoke an idle word, tha know'st—that eef thee putttest tha oogly fa-ace eenside oor yard again a'll git all t' la-ads w' pikels an' horntin' wheep masen and we'll hornt tha ower acress t' Moor!"

In the same way Bob Barningham occasionally had old Ned Corfield, of Fetchingham Burrows, fairly under his fat, squat, ill-bred, ugly thumb. For, truth to tell, Ned was more often than not troubled with "the shorts," and when he required "a bit o' financing," who so ready with pen and cheque-book as "Bumptious Bobby," as he was called by his intimates at "the Corner?"

But 'tis a long lane which has no turning. Men, especially racing men, and more especially trainers of racehorses, do not always have to suffer the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Occasionally the fickle jade smiles upon them, and when "that old" Betsy Trotwood, of Ned Corfield's, threw a fine, thumping filly foal to Cardinal Wiseman early one bright April morning, some internal mechanism seemed to whisper to old Ned, as he witnessed the foal for the first time struggle to his feet—

"T'Leger, by ten lengths!"

Ned was just a little bit superstitious, like most north-country trainers; and he was not often given to overhearing remarks from his own interior—save when something had disagreed with his digestive faculties. So he plucked up heart, and told "t'owd wife," who was by no means given to looking on the bright side of things, that he thought he saw "a beet o' soonshine" through the clouds at last. Finely did the filly thrive on the milk of the best of mothers, and the sweet grass of Fetchingham paddocks. She was duly entered for all the big three year old events—which in those days included no "ten thousand pounders," or other mammoth stakes. Neither was any particular inducement held out to run such a promising filly off her legs at two years old; more especially as she was somewhat slow of development. So, as a two year old, she was never "boxed." But at the back end of that year, when put alongside her three year old stable companion Harvest Moon, who had just previously run second for the Cleveland Handicap, with a bigish weight, the big, bouncing filly simply played with him, over a mile of ground, at 10lb. Old Ned nearly leaped out of his gaiters, as the two passed him—the pace maker having retired, well beaten—a couple of hundred yards from the finish.

"Howd her in, Spotty ma la-ad," he roared to the filly's rider, "howd her in, dang ye! Gosh!" he added to himself, as he brought his ashplant down with full force on the turf, "If anybody should get to know owt o' this gallop, good-bye to ma chance o' makkin a beet."

Nobody did get to know of that gallop. In those days touts were few and far between; and there were not a tithe of the number of opportunities for ambitious stable lads to betray the secrets of their employers. With long lists of prices on the principal races, but little was known of the welfare (or otherwise) of the horses engaged in them; and the public were in the habit of backing many animals who had done no sort of work for months, and some who were actually and absolutely dead. Bookmakers frequently got correct information; but on this occasion Bob Barningham heard nothing whatever of the trial which had taken place at Fetchingham Burrows.

Truth to tell, he had troubled himself but little for some time, about either old Ned or his horses. The "bits o' financing" which he had done for the trainer at intervals, had all been settled, and though Bob had a horse or two in training at Fetchingham, he had plenty of other fish, and (as he thought), sweeter ones, to fry.

"When are you going to shoot that great big camel of a mare?" he once inquired of the trainer, casually, at Newton races.

"A' shall ween Derby an' Oaks wi' yon camel, ma la'ad," was the trainer's reply. For nobody knew better than did old Ned, that if you want to put a racing man off the scent, there is no better way than to tell him the truth, or something like it.

"Win your grandmother's false teeth, more likely," muttered Bob to himself. "And she must have been dead a year or two."

And so the days rolled on. The rigour of winter had yielded to the sunshine and the gentle rain of early spring, and it came to pass that old Ned, as he lay awake in bed one night, arrived at the conclusion that he would not be able to keep his head above water for another quarter, without another "bit o' financing." Even an establishment as economically managed as was Mr. Corfield's, cannot be kept going on pure air alone. The family wanted an occasional bite and sup, not to mention the head lad and his satellites. There was home-made hay galore for the horses; but corn-chandlers are a race of mankind—at least they were in those days—who infinitely prefer the colour of a trainer's cash to the sight of his name in their books. So the assistance of "Uncle" Barningham had to be once more invoked.

Bob came down before the end of the week. He wore a tall hat and a fur-trimmed overcoat, and, generally, gave himself airs. Also he hummed and hah-ed, when the proposed loan was mentioned.

"Worst year ever I had, Ned, my boy—absolutely the worst. Wouldn't have been so bad had the beggars paid up; but it's a solid fact, Ned my boy, that I'm out nearly twenty thousand on the book, let alone sundries, what with my Lord Wenshalliseeit, the Honourable Ampton, and the rest. What's the security?—bill o' saie on the lot?"

"Rot thy bill o' sale! A've a mare i' ma stables as 'll win more brass than iver you see."

"What! that great overgrown brown camel?"

"Ah, yon camel—Brown Bess we've takken t' liberty o' callin' her. She'll win Derby an' Oaks too, most likely."

"Are you really serious, Ned? Do you still persist in the fairy tale?"

"See her gallop to-morrow, ma la-ad, an' I'll gie thee fairy tale."

Within twenty-four hours the "tale" looked very much less like a fairy tale, and in order to make assurance doubly sure, the filly was tried once more with Harvest Moon, giving 7lb., and another one or two put in the spin. This time she came in alone, with her head in her chest.

"Holy Moses!" exclaimed the bookmaker. "What a coup!"

"And not half fit neither," observed the trainer.

Eventually it was determined to reserve Brown Bess for the St. Leger. Bob had already a very heavy book on the Derby, with something especially good to run for it. There were millions in the offing!

"And I can get hundreds to one to as much as I want," continued the bookmaker. "Sure nobody knows?"

"No more than yon poor chaps i' t' churchyard," was the reply.

The week before Doncaster Bob Barningham turned up at the training quarters again.

"Mare all right?"

"Never better, Mr. B. Come and see her gallop."

She was evidently fit to run for both their lives, and as Bob smacked his lips over the brown sherry prior to taking his departure he observed—

"Well, if Brown Bess don't break her neck, it looks as if I should never want money again."

"Ye've backed her for plenty then?" enquired the trainer.

"I've got the best part of five thousand on, the bulk of it at hundreds and sixty-sixes, and have covered a bit at thirty-threes. You know, they've been backin' her lately."

"And how much," asked Bob, slowly, "did ye put on for me?"

"You?"

"Ah!"

"Well, you see—but how can you ask such a question? You owe me three thousand already—you can't afford to back horses."

The trainer coughed dryly, and looked the other full in the face. After a pause the master of Fetchingham spoke.

"True ma la-ad—a was forgettin' that. A can't afford t' bet—that's reet enough."

With no thought of any possible reprisals before his eyes, the bookmaker gulped down another glass of his own sherry, and got into the cab.

He felt a bit sick on the following Monday, as he was getting into the train for Doncaster, when a brother fielder approached him and enquired: "What's the matter with that mare of old Corfield's?"

"Matter?" repeated Bob. "What the blank d'you mean?"

"Got the knock, I should say. Only know they took 100 to 8 freely this morning, and I'd lay twenty-fives myself now."

"So would I," joined in another bookmaker, joining them,

"Or forties, if they wouldn't take that. She's a certain non-runner I'm told."

Bob felt very sick. Nor did he get any better on the journey down, when every five minutes or so one or other of his companions would shout:

"Will anybody take fifty monkeys Brown Bess?"

There was a short stoppage at Newark for refreshments, and Barningham took one of his friends aside.

"Lor' sake, Joe, what *do* you know?"

"Know?" repeated the other. "Why, that I've got an unlimited com. to lay from the owner and trainer."

Arrived in the butterscotch town Bob was not long in seeking out old Ned.

"Now, then, you old thief," commenced the bookmaker.

"Howd on theer!" said the trainer, sternly. "Theer's two as can coom thot game."

"What's the meaning of it all?"

"Meanin'? Why, you said as a couldn't afford to back 'osses, but a niver knowed as there was onything to privint an owner from layin' 'em."

"Then you mean to tell me——"

"A mean t' tell yow that unless a can ween £50,000 on Brown Bess, she winna sta-art. Theer! Tak' t' cha-ange oot o' that, ma la-ad, an' good neet t' thee."

The man in the box gave it "an easy ten lengths; and the report in *Bell's Life* said that never had the great classic race on the Town Moor been won more easily than by Brown Bess.

Old Ned Corfield lived in comparative affluence for the rest of his days, and the bonnie mare bred him many a winner. As for Bob Barningham, he never tried to get 2 to 1 the better of a northern trainer again.

E. S.

THE MINEHEAD HARRIERS.

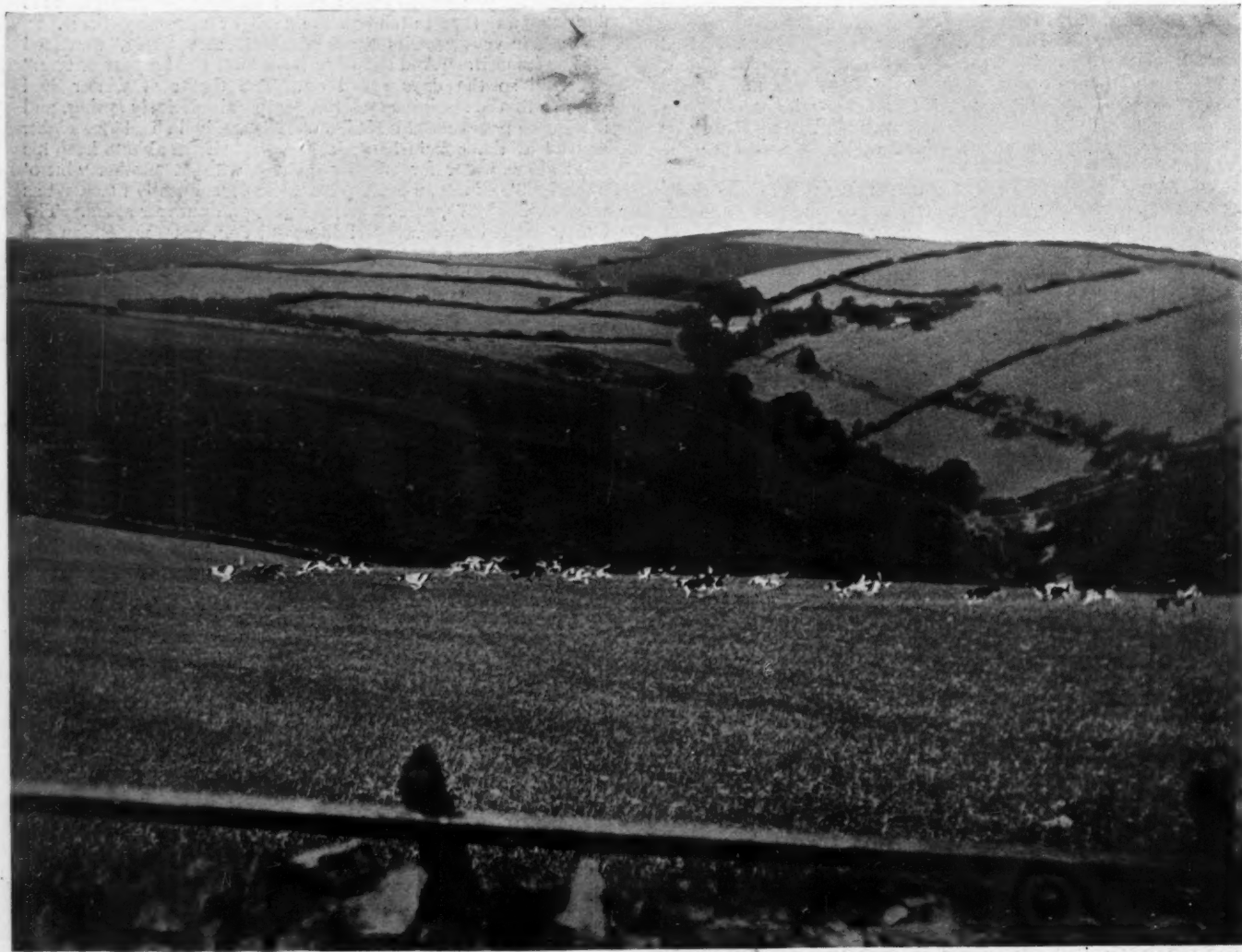


Photo. by H. M. Lomas.

IN FULL CRY.

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IT is not often that it is possible to obtain such a remarkable photograph as the one of which a reproduction is given above. The snapshot was most cleverly obtained by our

artist as the pack came away in hot pursuit of puss; who led them a merry dance down the hill-side over the fallow, ringing back to her form, and eventually contriving to elude her pursuers.

A MEET OF THE COTTESMORE.

AS most of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE are aware, the Cottesmore is one of the principal packs of foxhounds in the shires, as it is the custom to describe the grass country of the Midlands, of which Leicestershire is the centre.

The master of the Cottesmore is Mr. W. Baird, and the kennels are at Oakham. The pack have not had quite such good sport this season as last year, when the members of this hunt were especially fortunate throughout the memorable open winter of 1895-96, but there have already been one or two very good days during the present season.

Our illustrations are of a meet on the lawn of Col. Birch-Reynardson's residence, Hollywell Hall.

In A LITTLE BEFORE TIME the pack is shown awaiting the arrival of the master on the lawn of Hollywell Hall. MOVING OFF TO DRAW shows the hounds on their way to the place from which the third very characteristic illustration, HOUNDS ENTERING COVERT, was obtained.

The Cottesmore is a very old-established pack, and sixty years ago the then Lord Lonsdale, great grandfather of the present Earl, hunted the Cottesmore country in princely style.

A record of the time runs that his lordship was the father of fox hunting in those days, and states that:—"Lord Lonsdale is the oldest master of foxhounds in England, not only in point of age, but in the number of years he has kept a pack of hounds." It is interesting in these days of up to date improvements to learn that in con-



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A LITTLE BEFORE TIME.

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MOVING OFF TO DRAW.

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HOUNDS ENTERING COVERT.

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nection with the arrangements of the Cottesmore at that date, the same account states that "the kennels bear marks of antiquity, not having the orderly arrangements of modern ones"—and those, be it noted, then modern ones. They are moreover described as "a barn-like style of building very different from the neatness of Belvoir or Thrushington." Nevertheless, the writer has nothing but praise for the hounds themselves, whom he describes as "possessing much of the character of the old English hound, lofty, with very large bone, deep in the chest, and strong in the loin." But they are stated withal to have been very savage, and it is further rather unnecessarily observed, that "it would be highly dangerous to venture into their kennel without the presence of an attendant with whom they are familiar." This is no more than would probably be the case with any pack of foxhounds to-day if a stranger was guilty of such a rash act as to go unattended into their kennels. But as a pack they

unquestionably had an excellent character in the field. "They can, and will," the rather enthusiastic writer goes on to say, "always hunt, however bad the day, and on a favourable occasion go quite fast enough for anybody."

In another respect to that of the constitution of the kennels the Cottesmore of that time differed from the Cottesmore of to-day, for it was also said that "this pack is not

popular with the young gentlemen at Melton. They say 'it is slow business, quite antediluvian.'"

That certainly is not the reputation which the pack enjoys to-day, for the musters at the various meets include some of the straightest goers of the "young and middle-aged-gentlemen at Melton," as hard riders as are found with any pack in the shires.

WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS.—IV.

THE MASTER.

THE master of the Devon and Somerset staghounds was only twenty-eight when he took over the command from Colonel Hornby in April, 1895. The subject of our portrait is the eldest son of Mr. Arthur Sanders, late of Fernhill, Isle of Wight; and was educated at Harrow and Balliol College, Oxford, taking his B.A. degree in 1890. For several seasons before assuming the command, Mr. Sanders had hunted with this world-renowned pack; and in 1893 he married the youngest daughter of Mr. W. H. Halliday, of Glenthorne, a most picturesque seat on the rugged Southern coast of the Bristol Channel, between Porlock and Lynmouth, situate at one end of a rocky gorge, from which many a "sequestered" stag has plunged into the waves, to rid himself of his pursuers. Mr. Sanders is a thorough sportsman, and under his guidance the palmy days of the Devon and Somerset have been revived.



Photo. by H. M. Lomas.

A DEVONSHIRE LANE.

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SOME SPORTING DOGS.

THE photograph of Pointers and English Setters on the railway platform naturally suggests the early days of August, when in preparation for the 12th, Northern bound trains are heavy laden with many hundreds of sportsmen hurrying away from busy city scenes.

Far from the madding crowd, bound for the land of the heather to bag the toothsome grouse, and at the same time to enjoy the pure bracing air of the moors and hills. Next to the prospects of the numbers and condition of the game on the ground to be shot over, comes the question as to the intelligence, training, and condition of the dogs. On these must, to a large extent, depend whether the sport is or is not to be successful.

It is not the custom nowadays to utilize dogs in shooting to the same extent as was formerly the case. But to the real sportsman, to whom a day's shooting is not merely the question of a larger bag than his friends, acquaintances, and neighbours, there are few things connected with the sport which give keener pleasure than to see clever, well-trained dogs do their work. Naturally, the important part played by the dogs during the shooting season makes their selection a matter of anxious consideration, especially as they are found to differ so very widely in their characteristics. Indeed, in the one matter of scent there is a wide diversity in different animals; occasionally one of a litter will be found, as it were, to monopolise a large share of this inherited qualification at the expense of the other members of the same family.

The habit of standing still and pointing at game or other animals is confined to a few breeds. In its most pronounced form it occurs, as their names suggest, in pointers and setters. It is also found in spaniels and retrievers, and occasionally, but very rarely, in collies. Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, in his *Tales*, relates an amusing story of a collie he had that always watched and pointed at the cat when both met in the house. Puss seemed to possess a sort of fascination for him, as he followed her at a safe and respectful distance wherever she went, and kept his eye fixed on her as steadily as a pointer would do on a covey of birds.



MR. R. A. SANDERS.

There are several recorded instances of dogs, even mongrels, taking naturally to pointing, though generally descent from a sporting strain has been discernible in their breed.

The conjecture has been hazarded that this singular proceeding called pointing is simply a temporary halt preparatory to making a spring on the game, converted by discipline into a permanent stop.

It is not every animal of the breeds used for pointing that can be properly trained to the work. Some animals never shew any evidence of the disposition to point, and in consequence are rejected as worthless. Until the dog gives evidence of this tendency of his own accord, it is found that no amount of training will ever make him useful, but where the tendency manifests itself at an early age and is combined with intelligence, he can be taught to do almost anything in the way of field work, even to acknowledging the points of a fellow-worker whenever the other dog draws up to game.

Turning over the pages of an old sporting book the other day, I came upon the following account of pointers in a field. In the course of a description of a day's shooting on the 1st of September, the writer says, "After dispersing several coveys from the stubbles I proceeded to the turnips, where I procured some excellent shots. I was highly delighted with the behaviour of my pointers throughout the day. Doll obtained a fine point, and Juno, who was some distance off, immediately backed her. I advanced to the former, and up got a single bird, which I killed; but Doll did not move from her point, nor Juno from her backing. I reloaded my gun and walked backwards and forwards a little before my dogs, when up jumped a fine leveret, which I also brought down." The

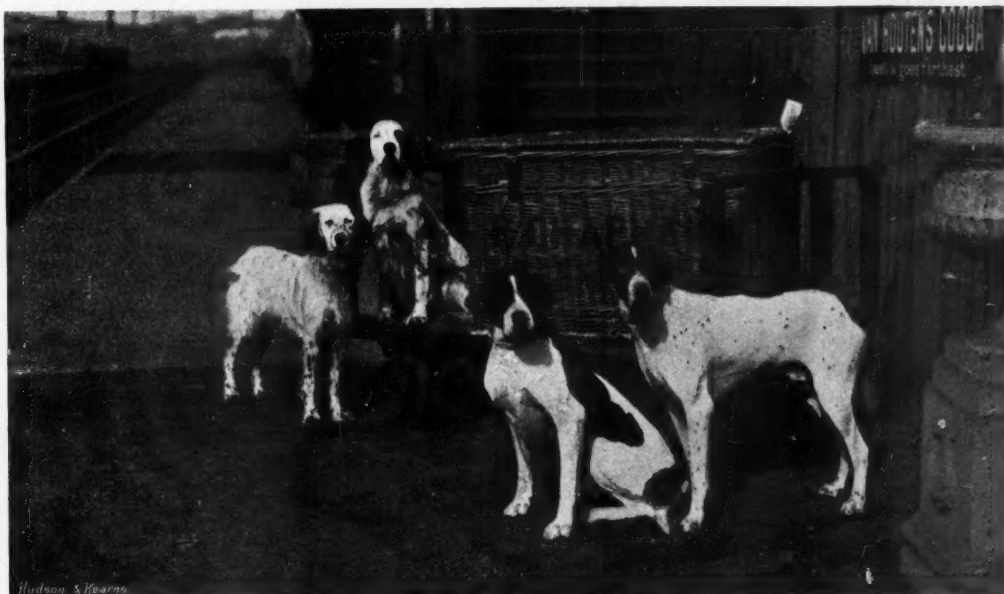


Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

EARLY AUGUST

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Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

ON THE HILL-SIDE.

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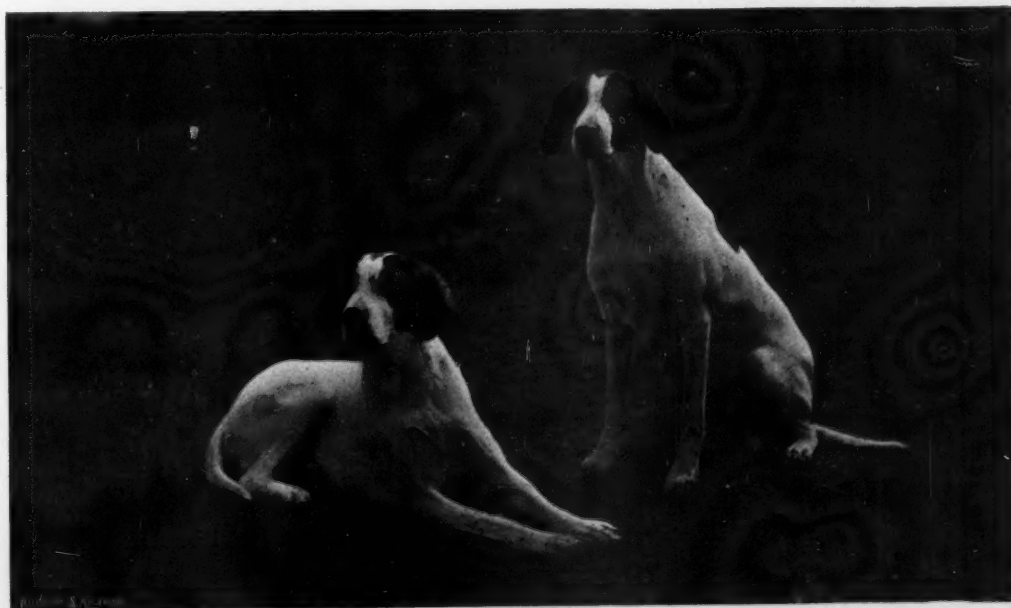


Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

OUI VIVE!

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individuality of each animal is very marked. One comes to a dead stop all at once whenever he gets the first sniff of the game and will continue motionless for a considerable time, or until the birds have taken wing. Another, after the first halt presses eagerly forward, though at a snail's pace, in the direction of the game, and sometimes flushes the birds before the sportsman gets within range. A trait of character disqualifying some animals is what is described as "gun shy." Occasionally a dog, either naturally or as the result of injudicious treatment, may be so timid as to be terrified at the report of a gun. After a thorough fright from this cause it is found difficult, or even impossible, to restore sufficient courage in the animal to induce him to perform the kind of work for which these dogs are required.

CHARLES REID.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD TIME ANGLER.

IN these present days, wherein the fashion is to go a-fishing, there are doubtless many whose experiences in the gentle craft do not carry them back for any great number of years. It may not be amiss then to set down here some early recollections of one who was a loving disciple of our great master, Izaak, even, as he was wont to say, from the time when he was scarce able to walk unaided. He is dead now; indeed, his place has known him no more for over a quarter of a century, and he was an old man when his ghost went—let us hope with Mr. Andrew Lang—to “catch the ghosts of fish.” He was not a gentleman, in the narrower sense of the word; he was but a “common man,” as we say; but in all except the blueness of his blood and his position in the world, he was as true a gentleman as any in the land; a tender-hearted, simple-minded lover of nature.

Many are the days I have spent with him, days I would fain have over again, wandering together up some little brook, or seated in the shade by the river's edge; and many were the tales he would tell, in answer to my eager questionings of the fish he had caught and the fish he had lost. These tales remain in my memory still; would that I had the pen to tell them as he told them, and to recall some of the charm that the broad and simple old Saxon dialect in which he spoke gave to his words. But there is none other left to pay his memory even this slight tribute, for he was a lonely man, and his only other friend was the old village shoemaker—likewise a fisherman, it need hardly be said, and one almost equal to himself. He is dead too. It was characteristic of the old man's simplicity of heart that he always held this cobbler to be a better fisherman than himself. How different this from the spirit of some of those we now meet on the river's bank, and more



Photo. by C. Reid, Wislaw.

A FISHERMAN'S BREAKFAST.

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A gaunt old man he was, spare and tall, broad-shouldered, and as straight as a forest pine; clad generally in a pair of wading stockings and great boots, an old, battered slouch hat, with the brim all down on one side and up on the other, and a loose coat of ancient make and very threadbare, with two immense pockets on the inside, in one of which he carried his enormous fly-book and a green-baize bag of worms, and in the other half a loaf of brown-bread and a great hunch of cheese, wrapped in a red handkerchief, which made his coat bulge out far on each side and added to his strange appearance. From his shoulder hung a curiously-shaped green box, with leathern hinges to its lid and an oblong hole cut in the top of it and speckled all over with the scales of fish. He always carried a net with a shaft of ash-wood six feet long and an iron spike and crook at the end, to assist him in wading the rough river and to reach and break off any branch on which his line had got entangled. I can see him yet as he strode along with his big, swinging stride, that used to try my youthful powers to keep pace with: but he always carried my rod and my basket for me, and would take my hand when he thought I was getting tired.

From him I received my first lessons in fishing when I was still but a little toddling boy, and he continued to be my mentor and my guide, philosopher, and friend, for many years after that

often in the smoking-room after dinner! Beings who fish primarily that they may beat the rest of us, and that their doings may be read of in the papers; who fish only for heavy baskets and prizes. But they have their reward.

I remember well a story the old man used to tell of the biggest trout he ever caught—but he shall tell the tale himself. For with all his poverty he had not been without education, and his winter evenings were often spent in reading, so that, though he spoke the native Saxon of this country, he could turn a phrase and round a sentence as neatly as the dominie himself.

“A good many years before you were born, sir,” he would say, “I was sitting one Sunday morning by the river; for I could never keep away from it, even though the day forbade me to take my rod. I mostly prefer too, to listen to a sermon from Dame Nature out of doors to one from the parson inside that grim old church that smells so strong of dead men's bones. I had just lighted my pipe and sat myself down in the shade of a bush, when I caught sight of a very large trout lying in midstream near the head of a large rocky pool, where the rush of the current was beginning to slacken off. You know the pool, sir, about four hundred yards above the ‘One Arch Bridge’ and just below the first fall. He was evidently on the feed; his position in the stream was enough to show that; and as the



Copyright.

A BIG ONE!

Photo. by J. Munro, Dingwall.

other fish in the pool were all on the rise at some small fly that was coming down just then pretty thick, I watched to see it he was also after them. It was some time before he moved, however. Very likely he had seen me when I came and sat down on the bank above him, and this had put him off the rise, though I had not come near enough to have frightened him away. So I kept very still, and even let my pipe go out for fear the smoke might catch his eye and keep it fixed on me. At last, after some ten minutes or so he seemed to have forgotten me, for I saw him come quietly up and take a fly that floated right over his nose. He hardly broke the water; just put his lip out and then his back fin and the tip of his tail, as he turned to go down. But he was up again a minute afterwards, and was now taking the flies as fast as any of them. I was surprised to see so big a fish taking any fly at all in the middle of the day like this; for these big fellows, as a rule, lie up all day and only come out to feed in the dark; and the river does not hold many fish of half the size of that one. I have never caught or seen another in the river that came within a pound and a half of it, and I have fished it now for over sixty years—though I once caught a chub of seven pounds when salmon-fishing in the stream below the village.

From where I was sitting I could not see what fly it was, but it was important to know, for I meant to catch that trout if I could. I was just going to get up and try to creep down to the water's edge without disturbing him when I saw him sail slowly away up stream and quietly disappear in the deep black hole just under the fall. Most likely I had moved unconsciously when I thought of getting up, for the fly was still coming down as fast as ever, and none of the other fish had yet left the banquet. Anyhow, he had gone, and there was no need for caution now, so I went down to the river and found, as I had thought, that the fly was the "Yellow Dun." I was pleased at this, for I have a great fancy for the "Yellow Dun" when dressed as a "hackle," with a feather from the golden plover's breast and tied with pale olive-green silk. I always did like a "hackle" better than a winged fly. You see, I nearly always fish up stream, and a "hackle" then seems to have the most life and naturalness about it.

When I got home, Sunday though it was, I sat down and dressed three or four of these golden plovers with all the care I could use. I believe I made over a dozen of them before I got three or four that stood the test of a good strong pull, and were dressed neat enough to please me.

Next morning, you may be sure, I was at the post in plenty of time, but I waited till about the hour at which I had seen the big fellow rising the day before, so as not to disturb the water and scare him when coming down to his feeding place. Sure enough the fly came down as thick as ever and the fish began to rise at them all over the pool. Once I thought I saw him rise and cast over the spot, but whether it had been he or no I can't say, for I hooked a small one, which splashed about on the top of the water and so may have scared him away. At all events I saw nothing more of him that day. Next day I was there again, but this time I decided to watch from the bank, to see if he really would come out again.

There was another strong rise of "Yellow Duns" which lasted nearly an hour off and on, but my friend never appeared. For the whole of that week I was there every day and all day, and twice I stayed all night and fished the pool up and down in the dark, time after time. The result, however, was always the same. I never saw a sign of that fish, though I generally had a good many small ones, and I began to despair of ever seeing him again. But some ten days afterwards I was beside the pool again and was sitting on my old spot quietly smoking my pipe and staring into the water.

I suppose I must have been dreaming, for I remember well the start I got when I suddenly became aware that the fish was there right before me, just where he had been on that Sunday morning. And here I was, caught again, in a place that I could not move from without being seen. I looked all round to see how I could best get away from where I was and down to the river without frightening him, and finally decided that the plan was to crawl very slowly on all fours along the bank for about ten yards to some bushes. Once there I could easily slip down to the river. But the water was right up to the edge, and I was afraid to wade for fear of making waves and disturbing him. It would be a long cast and an awkward one, for I had the high bank on my right hand and a stiff breeze blowing down stream, right in my teeth, and I should have to kneel to make sure of keeping out of sight.

You *must* keep out of sight, sir, if you want to catch trout, and you must learn to cast against a whole gale of wind, too, before you can call yourself a fisher. If I had not done the one and been able to do the other, it is probable I should never have got that fish. But to make a long yarn shorter, I did at last get to my place, and after two or three trial casts, put my fly well over him.

He took it at once, just breaking the water with his tail as

he went down, and then the fight began. He went off at once, with such a rush for that dark hole under the fall that he very nearly got the better of me there and then.

In those days good gut was too dear for a man like me, and I had to use horsehair, as I do still; but proper horsehair, if you can tie the knots so that they won't slip, is as good as most gut is. I have lifted a two pound weight on a single hair, and that is strong enough for any time I am ever likely to see, and it proved strong enough for this one.

He did not stay long under the fall, but was off again at full speed for the lower end of the pool. Luckily he leapt only once, for the hook was a small one—it was the "Yellow Dun," after all, that I killed him with. But I am never so afraid of a fish jumping when I am fishing with hair. It is so much more elastic than gut that there is no need to let your line go slack to avoid the sudden jerk, and so there is less danger of the fish shaking the fly out of his mouth. If he didn't jump he ran, or I never saw a fish run before or since, and after each rush he always went back to his lair under the fall. I was younger then than I am now, and it was the biggest trout I had ever hooked, so I am not ashamed to say that my heart beat till my hand trembled every time he went into that dark hole, for there was a big sharp edged boulder there, just looming up through the water, behind which he always ran, and I feared for my cast on the edges of it. But the pace was too great to last and he began to tire, so that I could keep him in the shallower and quieter water at the tail of the pool. Once I thought he was off when he began to splash on the top of the water, just as I was getting within reach of him; for he turned on his side and floated quietly down the current into my net. He weighed three pounds and three quarters; not as big a trout as I hope you may one day catch, sir; but the biggest I ever caught, and the biggest I ever saw taken out of this river, by fair means or foul.

Yet I liked even better to watch the old man fishing than to listen to his tales. There was one stream in particular, to which I was always begging him to take me. It was a little stream, so small that even in those days, when I was scarce more than ten years old, I could easily jump over it from bank to bank. But it was full of trout, and good ones—if you reckon a trout of three-quarters of a pound a good one. Much overhung with tall grasses and weeds, and with an old thorn bush growing over most of its best pools, it needed the hand of a master to fish it aright. Up stream is the only way to fish a burn of this size with the fly, if you want to hook your fish and not prick them merely; and, when the wind was blowing down stream, it required all the patience and experience of sixty years of triumphs and disappointments to ensure success. Good as he was on this stream with the fly, he was still better with the worm, and it used to be my chiefest delight to creep up behind him and watch him at work. The grassy banks were for the most part undermined by the water and under these trout would lie and feed, except when the fly was coming down. The art of it was to get the worm so near to the bank, the opposite one, that the current would take it underneath, or at all events carry it along quite close, when, if there was a trout there, it would be almost certain to rush out and seize the worm and dart back with it into its lair again.

I have seen a trout come out at the worm when it was four or five feet from the side, but this was a rare occurrence; as a rule they would seldom venture out further than a foot, and the closer you could put your worm to the bank the better. The best time for this kind of fishing was a hot, bright day in summer, when the water was very low and clear; for then the trout were all under the banks and were not alarmed by others coming darting in beside then from out of the stream; and the best places were where the water was from six inches to a foot and a half deep and running with a gentle rippling current along the side. It was a most exciting form of sport, for the clearness of the water allowed you to see all that was going on; the worm being deftly cast or dropped and worked along the side and in under the bank, the many failures to get in properly owing to the grass or the wind or both, and then the trout darting out and taking it and retreating again under the bank, and lastly the uncertainty as to whether it had swallowed the worm or, suspicious of some slight resistance, had dropped it again as soon as it was out of sight.

It was most essential too to keep entirely out of sight, for the clearness of the water permitted the fish to see you, as well as you to see them; and to crouch down, or at times to lie prone, and make the needful cast was a matter that taxed alike one's skill and patience and endurance of arm; for the rod had usually to be held out at arm's length, and to do this for two or three minutes only at a time is a heavy strain on the muscles. But all this that old man could do in a way that filled me with admiration and wonder, an admiration and wonder I still feel: for in spite of thirty years' practice I am still but a novice at this art as compared with him, nor have I ever met any that could do the like as he did.

NORMAN MADENHAM.

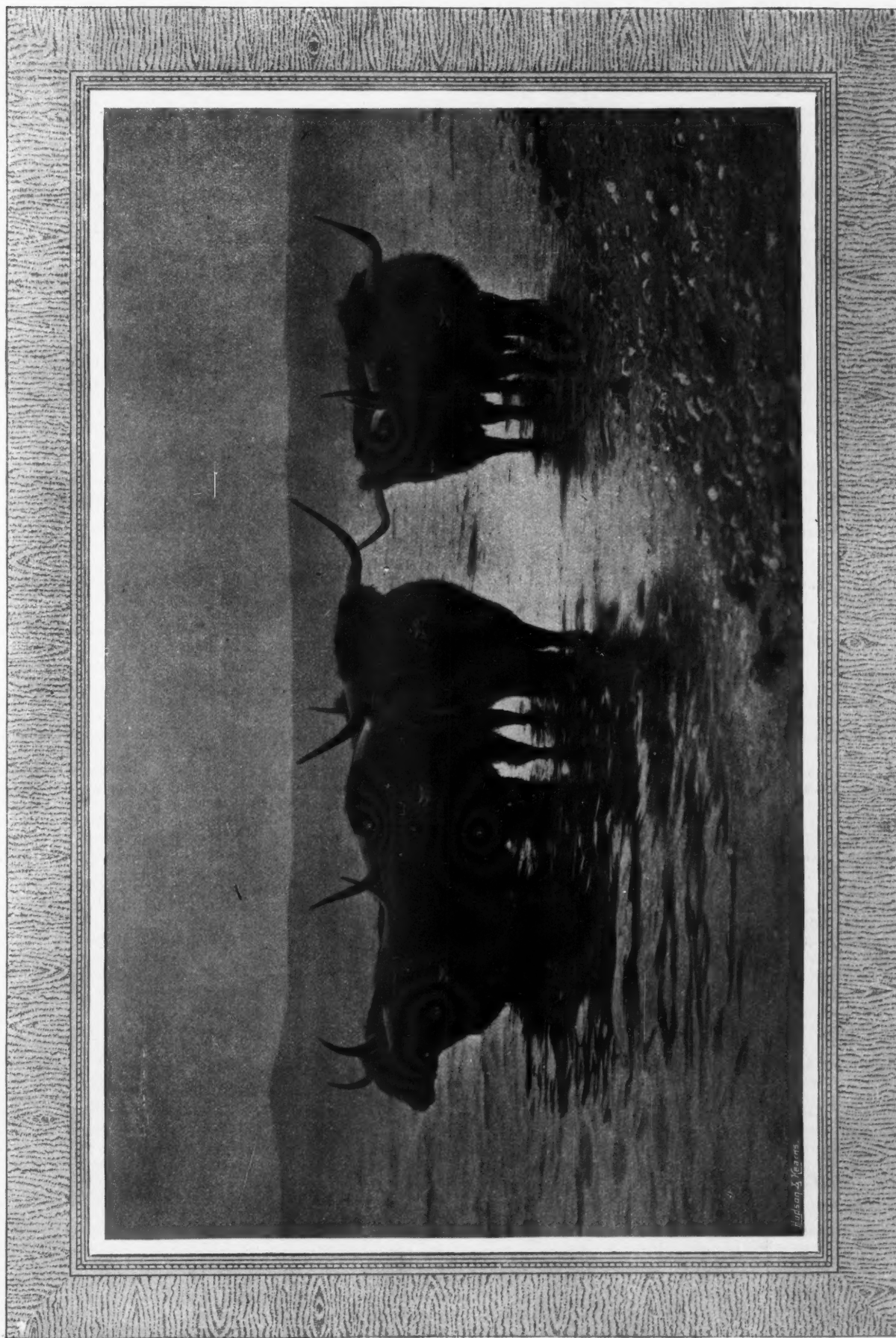


Photo. by C. Reid, Wihaw, N.B.

ON THE BANKS OF THE CLYDE.

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IT is curious to notice the ways of young creatures when they get together, especially when they are in that relation to each other that the humbler classes describe as "keeping company." I had a growing conviction that this was the sort of relation between Bob Burscough and Miss Flegg at this time. It made the girl shy, reserved, and a little petulant, the boy capricious, moody, and uncertain. For a day or two he had declared he was sick of golf, and had spent his time sketching with Miss Mary, and then, all of a sudden, he began playing golf again at the rate of three or four rounds a day with as much fury as if he had only just caught the fever. I spoke about it to Miss Flegg, just to see what she would say. What she said was:—

"Yes. I am so glad Bob has taken to golf again. I told him how foolish it was of him never playing, but just mooning with his sketch-book," this with a very becoming blush.

"Oh! really," I said.

"Yes, really."

I think there are some days when the microbes of the golfer's irritation are especially rife. On the day after the parson's overnight visit Colonel Burscough had been the victim of a very severe attack of rage, and in the paroxysms had broken across his knee more than one of his much-cherished clubs. A similar moral misfortune had occurred to him before, but never in such an aggravated form. He had never before broken so many clubs. Master Bob, finding his artistic genius had turned from the direction of his sketch-book, let it wander into paths where he wooed the sister Muse of poetry, and in the evening, to the accompaniment of his banjo, celebrated the colonel's achievements of the day to the well-known tune of Tosti's "Forever and Forever."

"For ever and for ever," or "The Colonel's Lament," he phrased it, as he struck a preliminary chord or two on his banjo, and thus it went:—

Oh would you kindly lend to me
A driving club which p'raps may be
Some service to me, from the tee
Forever and forever.

For when I missed that last tee shot
I took and smashed my blooming k't,
I swore that golf again I'd not,
Forever and forever.

In the pause between the verses it may be observed that this was a very frequent asseveration of the Colonel's.

Perchance if I had never golf't,
So many balls I had not topp't,
So many bets I had not drop't
Forever and forever.

If I had never seen a links,
I'd sworn far fewer oaths, me-thinks,
Nor quaffed those alcoholic drinks,
Forever and forever.

But no, I could not bear the pain
Of never playing golf again,
I still will golf, with might and main,
Forever and forever.

Ah, wondrous game, I love but thee,
Blessing or curse, which'er thou be,
Be still as thou hast been to me,
For ever and for—e—e—ever.

Bob ended up, amidst laughter and cheers, with a *finale furioso*.

Then came Miss Mary, with a clear, incisive little voice, after the tumult:—

"Do you think that rhyme of 'golf't' and 'topp't' is a very good one?"

If she had not said anything about it we probably should not have noticed it, and really she might have let it pass, but, as I say, these young people, in this relation, are always curious and interesting.

"Thank you," said Master Robert sedately, "I am much obliged to you for pointing it out. I will try an emendation—'had my career been earlier stopp't'—or something of that kind."

It was evident that all was not going quite smoothly between these two.

The colonel was wonderfully good-humoured about his temper being made the subject of Master Bob's song and pleasantry. Indeed his temper, quite volcanic while it lasted, always vanished in a few moments, and all was sunshine and the penitence of April weather again.

"It's a blamed extraordinary thing," he said presently, reviewing recent events, "that I never can play all my clubs properly the same day. One day I'll be driving pretty well, and putting like an imbecile. The next I'll be putting like a perfect angel, heeling every ball with the driver; and the third I'll be doing them both pretty well, but hitting all the approach shots off the nose of the iron."

"I fancy, my dear sir," the professor answered, "that that is the experience of every one of us; and I have a notion that I can perceive the reason, or, at least, a means by which this divergence can be in a measure remedied."

"Bless my soul," the colonel exclaimed, "You'll be a benefactor to humanity if you can. What's your remedy?"

"Well," said the professor, "in all these books that we study with such pious care—the Badminton book, *Hints on Golf*, and Sir Walter Simpson's *Art of Golf*—we find a different position, and a different style of address laid down for each stroke at golf. There is one style of address for the drive, another for the approach stroke, and a third for the putt. Now I cannot believe that all these differences are essential; and I am thinking of writing a book on simpler lines showing how all the strokes may be played virtually from the same stance."

"With practical illustrations by the author?" young Robert enquired slyly.

"No, my dear sir," the professor replied gravely, "I shall not ask my readers, if I have any, to do as I do, but to do as I tell them. The mistake, I am quite sure, made by our golfing teachers, is that they try to teach us—middle-aged gentlemen—to play golf after the manner of those who have picked up the game like monkeys, by an unconscious process of imitation, on the links. They ought to recognise our physical incapacities."

"Do you remember old Hall, with his monkey, at North Berwick, that he tried to teach to play golf?" asked young Robert, chuckling at the recollection.

"Oh, yes," Miss Mary Flegg exclaimed, "and he came running round the corner of the wood, with the monkey after him, pursuing him with the niblick, and then he told us that it required a high stage of brain development to understand the game of golf, and that his monkey had not reached it."

"There used to be some baboons in the neighbourhood of Johannesburg that come out and pelt you with stones as you pass," said the Colonel. "I've had to run from them myself. And if they'll throw stones, I don't see why they shouldn't be taught to hit a ball with a golf club. How they'd cheat though, wouldn't they?"

"A man in San Francisco had a monkey that he trained to carry his clubs. I read it in *Golf*, so I know it's true" said Robert.

"Yes, and they've lately had a foursome match on the Shinnecock Hills course between Wilson and Dalgleish, two Scotsmen, and two negro caddies."

This was Miss May's contribution to the monkey question, and seemed a little hard, we thought, on the sons of Ham.

"Of course nobody knows," I said, "at what point in the evolution of men or monkeys this great and ancient game did come in. One of the translators of *Arabian Nights* speaks of the weapon which was to be anointed with ointment, to pass through the pores of the king's hand, as a golf stick; but in the very same edition we see an illustration of this incident, and the king and the rest of them are represented on horse-back, proving clearly enough that the stick must have been a polo stick, for we know that polo was an ancient game of the Persians."

"And whence, my dear sir," said the professor, in that suavest manner which he always assumes when he is leading another into a trap, "whence do you imagine that we have derived our game of golf as it exists at present?"

I saved myself some subsequent trouble by pointing out to the professor that he was asking my opinion on a subject which he was far better acquainted with than I, but at once ran my head against a brick wall by observing, that it was reasonable to presume that golf was the product of some ruder earlier game, such as polo, itself, or hockey, because it was only in accord with what we knew of history to infer that development would proceed from the simpler to the more complex.

"Unfortunately for your reasonable assumption," said the professor, again in dulcet tones, "all the analogy of games is against you. Knuckle bones, the oldest game in the world, with the possible exception of one other, is about as complicated in its infinite variations as can be conceived; and the single possible exception is chess, which is certainly more complex than any other sedentary game into which cards do not enter."

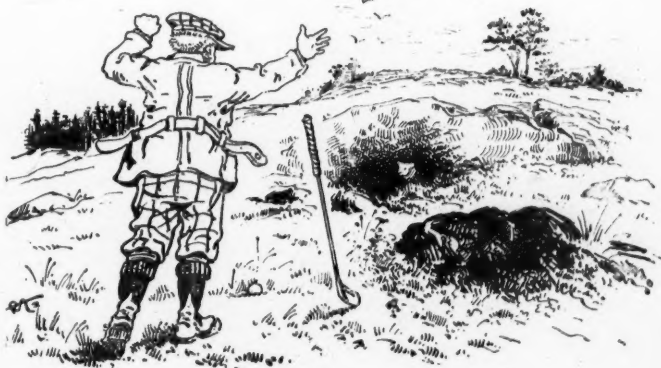
I said I thought that it would be much better if the professor would give us his ideas about the origin of golf, instead of wasting time asking for the notions of people who knew nothing.

"I too, my dear sir," he replied, "am also an agnostic, an absolute agnostic, in this matter. My only notion is that we should look for the nursery of our great game somewhere in that land of Flanders, where they used to play the game of 'hole.'"

"And where our armies swore so terribly," Robert interpolated.

"No doubt, my dear sir, that is confirmatory evidence," said the Professor blandly. "There seems some analogy, yet I fancy the golf ball obeys the laws of dynamics rather than human adjurations. If profanity could affect its flight, we should play the game a great deal better than we do."

"But what the mischief is 'hole,'" Colonel Burscough asked.



"It is rather elaborate to describe," the Professor said, "but perhaps it might interest you, because in 'hole' we seem to see this game of stick and ball passing from the under stage of hockey (I am quite at one with our friend here," indicating myself, "on that point, in spite of the evidence of knuckle-bones and chess). In this Flemish game you choose a goal, to begin with, at a certain distance; say we were standing at the Albert Memorial,

we might choose as our goal Achilles' statue. We have a driver and a ball. I say 'I think I could hit the statue in six innings.' You say you think you can hit it in five. 'Oh,' I might say, 'rather than you should have the fun of trying, I'll back myself to hit it in four.' Well, you don't feel that you have a chance of hitting it in less; so, on the assumption that I am to try to hit it in four innings, off we go."



"But what the deuce is an innings," the Colonel asked, much mystified.

"I am just coming to that point, my dear sir. An innings was a series of three hits, teeing the ball each time, which the conditions of the game allow me to take in succession, but at the end of each of my innings of three hits, you are allowed to *de-hole*, as it was called, that is to say, to have one hit backwards, after which I go on with another series of three hits, to be followed by another backward hit by you. If I missed in striking the statue before my fourth innings exhausted I have won the match; if I fail, you have won. Do you understand?"

"Dull game, I should say," said Robert.

"Blamed good game, I should say," said the colonel. "Nothing but driving. I like the idea of that. I hate your crawling putting. I couldn't putt a bit to-day. I regard the man that wins a hole on the putting green, as guilty of a mean and ungentlemanly act."

"Why only yesterday, uncle," said young Bob, "you were angry with me because I won the match by out-driving you. You said then that my game was all a matter of brute force—no science, you said."

"Did I really? Did I really? Ah, well, I was putting well yesterday, I remember; but, confound it all boy, what do you mean by quoting my own words against me. Surely I am allowed to say what I like."

"Certainly, uncle, certainly."

"And I tell you what it is, you young scoundrel," the colonel went on, with characteristically quick transition from anger to laughter, "if you don't let me win a match from you soon, I'll stop all the holes you are up out of your allowance. I'll be bound that'll soon bring you to a properly respectful frame of mind. A pound a hole you'll find yourself short when next quarter-day comes. So there."

(To be continued.)

ON THE GREEN.

HERE and there the snow has been troublesome, interfering much with golf, but luckily many of the January competitions were played on the Saturday, before the snow began to fall.

Mr. Annan, on a previous Saturday, put in a very fine round for the Pullar medal, at Nairn. His gross score was 78, and with nett 79 (for he is penalised a stroke) he was nine strokes better than the next lowest nett score of 86, returned both by Mr. A. M. Simpson, with a handicap of five, and Mr. W. Dallas, with ten allowed. Mr. Simpson's gross 91 appears to have been the nearest actual score to Mr. Annan's.

The Redan hole, a famous hole of the old North Berwick round, and still an excellent feature of the lengthened course, has brought itself into print by being "lost" in two. The winner, necessarily, holed it in one; but seeing that it is an excellent hole in three—for it is not exactly a short hole, though it can be reached in one, and the green is remarkably well guarded—it is singular that the one player should have chosen to do it in one just when the other was holing out in two. By a curious coincidence the players were brothers, of the

name of Maxwell. These are the kind of incidents that are calculated to break up the harmony even of the most united families.

Other singular counts have been occurring. Mr. J. W. Jeffrey and Mr. A. C. Edwards have tied thrice in succession, at a nett score of 88, for the monthly medal of the Folkestone Club. Finally, on the fourth attempt, Mr. Jeffrey became the winner with a nett 89. The winner receives five in the handicap, but Mr. Edwards—a strong player, who ran Mr. Arnold Blyth very hard in the last amateur championship, at Sandwich—is penalised four strokes.

But though Mr. Jeffrey's record was the more remarkable in tying at the same score thrice, for actual numbers of halved matches this result was lately beaten by the members of the Birkdale Ladies' Club. Miss Chalmers and Miss Gilmour, of that club, the former owing one, and the latter receiving eighteen, tied at nett 78 for the monthly medal. Previously they had tied for first place in a Bogey competition. In playing off they again tied, both seven down to Bogey. Again they set to work to come to a decision, but again, though Bogey's victory over both was yet more decided, they could not determine their mutual merits, for both ended nine down, and had thus tied no less than

five times in succession. Finally, as the result of yet another round, Miss Gilmour was victorious with four down to Bogey.

Mr. A. H. Doleman, a veteran golfer, has just contributed an interesting article to a contemporary, in which he takes up the cudgels on behalf of a grand player in the "Forties"—old Willie Dunn. It has been the fashion of golfers of modern days to believe that Allan Robertson was the great magician, and *facile princeps*, of that date. That he was a great magician neither Mr. Doleman nor another contests; he only asserts that he was not the only magician. Willie Dunn, as he shows, came out well in his matches with him, and Mr. Everard, in the Badminton Book, has shown that Allan Robertson never proved his superiority to old Tom Morris, leaving us to infer that had the matter been put to proof Allan's superiority might not have been manifest.

Bogey has been too good for everybody lately. Sir W. Russell and Mr. W. P. Wincott tied, at two down, against the Ranelagh bogey; the Tooting bogey was the same number up on the winner at that club, Mr. Concanon; Mr. Evans won at Richmond, with four down; and Mr. Wilkinson, at Wembley, with six down.

A WINTER MORNING IN WALES.

A FILMY white fog covers the dark landscape, floating thick where the valley lies, the hill tops looking like rocky islets in a milky sea. Here and there, close at hand, the gaunt black boles and ghastly beckoning boughs of trees can be spied stand-out from the mist, which creeps slowly and reluctantly back to the hollow haunts of rushing waters far below. As the moist vapours gradually recede, trees and bushes become more distinct, each twig and leaf thickly coated with white fur, for part of that valley fog has been caught by the mysterious forces of nature, and the whole face of the land is covered over with dampness, made tangible. Soft sounds of twittering birds issue from a dense clump of holly to the left, while even the sombre mass of larches on the right seems to harbour more feathered songsters. They herald the break of morning. Presently a subdued light pervades the whole open country, the shapes of hills and dales, of trees and bushes become visible, the mist retreating more rapidly, though still hanging dense over the valley. The hoar frost on trees and grass glitters weirdly, myriads of spiky needles sticking out in every direction over twig and blade. A delicate tracery of white threads and glistening needles half shroud the huge holly bush, the dark green leaves and crimson berries only just betraying their true lines under their translucent veils. Close by is the scarred bole of a giant tree, a grand old patriarch, with a snowy head, the frost hanging thickly about it.

There is perfect stillness, save the dull rush of distant waters and the occasional soft twitter of half-awakened songsters. But from out the bosky palace of white and green, with its red decorations, hops a thrush. It is very leisurely in its movements. A round ball of feathers on thin stilts, its head inquisitively bent on one side, wings close pressed to sides, and gorgeously-speckled breast thrown out in fluffy prominence. Quietly it hops forward, stops short to survey the scene, and then with uplifted head, pipes forth a song of welcome to the new-born day. The sun has risen like a ball of fire, setting aflame the frosty tracery in which everything is shrouded. Even the old tree reflects the glorious hues, the hoary head being suffused with a golden tint shot with ruby dots. The dark cluster of larches climbing up the hill to right reveals many treasures as the life-giving rays penetrate its mysterious depths, lighting up the beauties of the graceful forms of trees and frost-covered needle foliage.

King Sol is even more powerful than this, for a little brown ball moves briskly across the open, darting from the sheltering larches to the solitary forest monarch on the lawn. It is a little red-brown squirrel, surely very belated to appear thus on a cold October morning. Swiftly it swarms up the creviced bark, deftly reaches the lower branches, and with a queer jerk pops into a round hole, where once sprang a goodly limb. Only a bushy tail is visible for a moment, then master squirrel reappears, and sitting solemnly on its haunches, with ample red tail spread out and forming a kind of sentry-box and umbrella for him, he holds in his paws a fat nut, which he cracks and nibbles with endless grimaces and waggings of his little head. That cupboard in the old tree is well known to the alert fellow. He has learnt that well-meaning two-legged creatures keep the store replenished, thus saving him trouble and inducing him to put off his winter retirement far longer than he ought. He prefers nuts, for he eats these first, dipping down with dexterous swing to procure a fresh one; but when these fail he does not disdain a fragment of biscuit, sitting up and munching it sedately, while the thrushes and redbreasts hop about in the holly bush and on the lawn. As he pops his head from side to side, winks, grimaces, and munches his early breakfast, he looks like a musical critic, not too charitably taking notes of the choral efforts of his red waist-coated friends.

The newly dug up garden beds beneath the evergreens offer opportunities which neither thrushes or robins neglect; busily

they hunt for a scanty meal, cheerily trilling forth their content at each trifling success. His breakfast over, master squirrel abruptly turns his back on the singers, and with many a cunning leap and rush, climbs up into the higher branches of his throne. Sitting down amidst the silver and gold tracery, he looks far off into the deep valley. The pale sun rays have already dispersed most of the mist, and now the green meadows beyond the grey stone wall can be seen sloping down to the water's edge. With many a sweep and swirl the dark waters hurry on, beating restlessly against huge moss-covered boulders, which, a few months ago, served well as stepping stones to vantage points from whence to throw a sober-coated fly. But now trout are too sleepy to show themselves, they hunger not after unnatural food, and would not stir from the deep pools, under shelter of the banks, even for the most tempting of winged creatures, were it dangled ever so deftly by the most expert of anglers. And then, too, the river is already much swollen, and the waters hurry over roughly, bending before them hanging branches of hazel, weaving them together with blended reeds, sedges, and trailing fern-brands into frozen masses. Beyond the rivers are more meadows, and beyond them are stone walls, enclosing a dense coppice surrounding the old Manor House, whose red brick walls, grey roofs, and tall chimneys, peep out from a frame of frost covered trees. Yet further off is a tiny grey church, also embowered in woods; and behind all are the bleak heather-hills with rounded tops. Crowning one of the lower hills are curious grassy knolls and rings, the remnants of some ancient camp; some say a stronghold of the long robed, white bearded, Druids, whose chief seat—Bardsey Isle—is not very distant; or as others will have it, the traces of Rome's civilizing legionaries. These silent witnesses of a far off past—mere furrows and mounds on the hillside—are better seen now in the early morning light than they are during the ordinary tourist season, when luxuriant vegetation helps to hide these vestiges of mighty men's labour.

But there is a stir among our humble friends, the thrushes take wing, and even the cheeky robin flies into the holly bush and hops amidst his mates, uttering shrill protest. And there, slinking round the corner, is the author of all this sudden alarm, a beautiful cat, with its belly touching the ground, its ears thrown back, and tail describing snake-like curves with slow and vicious swing. Crouching low it waits and looks about, slyly licking its lips as it eyes the restless robins. Realising that its treachery is discovered, it sits up, and washes its face and sleek sides with well feigned indifference. Meanwhile master squirrel has grown tired of the wintry prospect; with erratic bounds and scramblings he descends to the larder floor, and there, propt up against the tree trunk, with its bushy tail as a pillow, it imitates pussy, the little yellow paws rapidly passing over cheeks and ears, amid much whimsical twitching of the knowing little nose. Pussy's advent was only the beginning of a new order of things. There are noises in the horses' yard. Dogs are whining and horses whinnying as man and boy make their way to the stables. Pussy, after an undecided survey, turns sharply round and trots off at a good swinging pace for the genial glare of cook's kitchen fire.

Now is squirrel's opportunity. He is down from his perch with a dart, though he does not mean to retire just yet. He sits upon the lawn for an instant or two, then makes a dash for another tree, where he plays prodigious acrobatic tricks, coming down to the lawn and crossing over it to a third tree for yet more violent exercise. Finally he descends, and after sitting on his haunches while he completes his toilet, he starts off for the dark shadows of the larch wood, from which the first sunrays had enticed him. Only the robins remain now, and they prefer to peck at the holly berries and fly off to perch on the hall-door porch, for the day has fairly begun. The sun is up and even maids and men are astir. The gardener

rudges heavily past, over gravel paths and crisp lawn, on his way to the hot-house to see that his trusty oil stove has done its work well and kept Jack Frost outside the diminutive palace of glass. Now come unbarrings of doors and windows, and Mary the maid appears with a tray full of crumbs, which she scatters about, her actions being closely watched and noisily discussed by the feathery red and brown balls on the tree tops. Sharp whistling, loud cheery voices, and the barking of dogs

proclaim the appearance of the young squire, who comes upon the scene crunching the gravel beneath his heavy boots, heralded by a frisky terrier and more staid setter. He exchanges a merry "Good morning" with the gardener, who is busy with birchen broom "making things a bit tidy," and trudges off to the home-farm partly on business intent, and partly to "put an edge on his appetite." Every omen foretells a glorious day.

GUY CADOGAN ROTHERY.

SOME GOOD RUNS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR," but I will not complete the hackneyed quotation, which, hackneyed as it is, seems somehow ever new in its application. And its latest application as experienced personally is this. In 1804 it fell to the lot of Sir Walter Scott to review Col. Thornton's Sporting Tour, which has recently been reproduced, and in the course of a rather severe handling, Sir Walter—then, by the way, Mr. Walter Scott—says: "To stuff a quarto with his personal exploits of shooting and fishing, all detailed with the most unmerciful prolixity, is a tyranny surpassing that of William Rufus, who, though he turned his liege subjects out of their houses to make a pa k, did not propose they should pay £1 15s. for the history of his hunting—a proceeding which, in our opinion, would have justified an insurrection against Nimrod himself." Sitting here, with a snowy prospect to look on, with the thermometer registering ten degrees of frost, and with a stable full of horses with a healthy appetite, employed in a not very arduous task known as "eating their heads off"; with hunting editors asking for "copy," and one's good friends wondering in a sort of half-triumphant manner "what he will find to say now," I must take exception to the opinion of the Wizard of the North and express my wish that Col. Thornton, or someone on his behalf, had been much more prolix concerning his sporting adventures. Not, however, that I should care to have any further particulars about the monster pike that he caught, or the wonderful instinct of his famous hawks. But I would have liked to have had more particulars about his hounds and his horses, and the sport they showed. The bare record of some of his runs as they now exist only whet my curiosity; like *Oliver Twist*, I long for more, and in vain I turn to the portly tomes of the whilom Master of Thornville Royal for information on such an interesting subject.

For I have ridden over much of the country in which Col. Thornton's fox-hunting took place; and, in common with those who have done likewise, I am dissatisfied with the meagre reports of one or two record runs, such as doubtless served our forbears to talk about over their claret, much as "forty minutes on the grass" and a seven mile point sets our tongues wagging in the present year of grace.

Let me just give you a brief record of Col. Thornton's runs, and I think my readers will agree with me that we should have been much happier had some old hunting diary been unearthed to give us particulars of what must have been capital sport.

To begin with, it is recorded that Col. Thornton received a piece of plate from Sir Harry Featherstone and Sir John Ramsden as a compromise to a bet in honour of a Hambleton fox. Col. Thornton, by his original bet, engaged for 300 guineas p.p., to find a fox in Hunt's Whin, in the Easingwold country, that after Christmas, 1779, should run twenty miles, the day to be fixed and the morning approved by Col. Thornton and to be determined by Sir John Ramsden and Sir Harry Featherstone or the company. That they had a clipping run the following certificate abundantly proves, yet it tells us nothing, not even the date, nor the covert where the fox was found, nor the spot where he yielded his brush. It simply signifies that a bet was made and lost.

CERTIFICATE.

We, the undersigned, do hereby declare, that on a day appointed for the decision of a bet made by Col. Thornton to Sir John Ramsden and Sir Harry Featherstone, a fox broke in view of the hounds and of the company, which fox was killed after a continuous burst (there not being one check), by the different watches, of two hours and thirty-eight minutes, and we, being the only gentlemen present, do believe the said fox to have run at least twenty-eight miles. Col. Thornton, being a party concerned, gave no opinion.

LASCELLES LASCELLES.
HENRY KITCHINGMAN.
VAL. KITCHINGMAN.
WM. DAWSON.
RANDOLPH MARRIOTT.

There were only eight horsemen out of the seventy up.

The Sir John Ramsden was the fourth Baronet, and he then resided at Newby Hall. The wager seems to have been decided to the satisfaction of those concerned, but the pace, a little over 11½ miles per hour, seems to me rather a stiff one. Of course twelve miles per hour has been done, but then it was done over a grass country with everything in favour of hounds, and when we come to consider that there must have been more undrained land, and consequently worse going for horses, it seems a great pace

indeed, and one naturally wants to know more particulars of the country crossed.

Col. Thornton seems to have been always ready to back his hounds, or his horses, or anything that was owned by him. Within four years we find him making a sporting match with the Earl of Effingham. This match was made on March 15th, 1783, and was to the following effect:—

The Earl of Effingham and Col. Thornton agree to produce 10 couples of hounds to run a match for 500 guineas, the Earl of Effingham to produce 12 couples of the Confederate hounds and Colonel Thornton to produce 12 couples of his hounds to run down a fox near Wetherby, on March 19th, 1783. Whichever hounds appeared by the arbitrators to be the superior shall receive a forfeit.

Arbitrators { THE HON. FREDK. LUMLEY.
MR. THOMAS LLOYD.
MR. BAGLEY.

The run being very short, and not less than three hundred people present, it could not be determined.

There appears some discrepancies in the foregoing account. In the first place it is specified that the Earl of Effingham and Col. Thornton should produce 10 couples of hounds each, and later on 12 couples is mentioned. As in a subsequent match 12½ couples was the number agreed upon, it is probable that the later number was correct. There would seem to be some error also about the date of the match. The conditions of the second match, which bear the date of Wetherby, March 19th, 1783, are to the effect—

That the Earl of Effingham engaged to produce 12½ couples of the Confederate hounds to run against the same number of Col. Thornton's for a Cup, to be purchased at their joint expense, to meet at Boroughbridge and try Hunts' Whin or the Hambleton Country.

Arbitrators { THE HON. FREDK. LUMLEY.
MR. THOMAS LLOYD.
MR. BAGLEY.

That the new match would be made on the day when it was found to be impossible to come to a satisfactory decision about the old one is extremely probable, and the fact that the agreement is dated thereon goes to confirm the opinion that such was the case.

But obviously it could not have been decided on the same day that it was made, and in all probability it was made after a more or less festive gathering. Yet the certificate bears the date of March 19th, 1783, and this, one would think, is an obvious error.

CERTIFICATE.

March 19th, 1783.

We, the undermentioned, do declare that, having met in order to see a match run between the Earl of Effingham and Col. Thornton's hounds, and the Confederate Hounds not appearing, the tryers declared the cup forfeited.

We also further declare that the hounds found at twenty-seven minutes past nine, and except for the space of half an hour taken in bolting the fox from a rabbit-hole, had a continuous run till five o'clock, and after repeated views killed him at fourteen minutes past five by the different watches.

A. WALLER. LASCELLES LASCELLES.
W. VAVASOUR. G. DAVISON.
W. MILLS. JOHN FAWCETT.
— FARSIDE. J. WRIGHTSON.
— MITTEN. JOHN BROOKE.

A. WILKINSON.
J. BAGLEY.
WILLIAM TATE.
ROBERT ROYDS.

This was a run with a vengeance, for, with the exception of the half-hour spent in engineering operations, hounds, we are told, ran continuously for seven hours and forty-seven minutes. But where they found, what country they crossed, whether they changed foxes, and where they killed, are all lost in oblivion. Nor are we told of any of those hundred and one incidents of the chase which make an old hunting diary such pleasant reading, even when the country and the writer, and those about whom he writes, are unknown. Of a truth Col. Thornton and his friends have been too reticent rather than too prolix in their accounts of their sport with foxhounds, and I fancy many of my readers would rather have had fuller particulars of these fine runs, for fine runs they must have been, than any amount of lore about hawking or shooting or the gentle art.

RED ROVER.

MR. HEDWORTH T. BARCLAY.

MR. HEDWORTH T. BARCLAY is best known in the Turf World as the owner of Bendigo, the idol of the horse-loving section of the population a few years back. It would occupy more space than is at present at disposal to do justice to the brave deeds of the bold son of Ben Battle and Hasty Girl on the racecourse, but though he had no classic engagements as a three year old, yet as the winner of the Cambridgeshire, the Eclipse Stakes, and the Jubilee, in addition to several other events, he stands out as

one of the most notable racehorses of the last fifteen years. Mr. Barclay has not up to now owned any horse that can be considered "a patch on old Bendigo," but he possesses at the present time a very useful half brother to his old favourite in Athcliaith, by Atheling, who has recently shown remarkable aptitude for racing "over the sticks."

Mr. Barclay is a member of the Jockey Club, to which body he was elected in 1890.

TOWN TOPICS.

There are very few people who realise what are the essential ingredients of a successful dance. It is not enough to supply a large ballroom with a good floor and excellent music, followed by an irreproachable supper. This is easily done, but the real difficulty lies in securing a sufficient number of good dancing men, and a deficiency in this commodity has made many a private dance a failure this winter. The matter would be easily overcome if only hostesses would leave their guests free to bring what men they liked, provided, of course the number to be expected was clearly stated when accepting the invitation. It is a very general complaint that men will not go to dances, but they are constantly known to break through this resolution when they are sure of meeting their favourite partners. Even if a heterogeneous crowd of men are collected by the hostess, this may be inadequate to meet the requirements of a large proportion of the lady guests, as many infinitely prefer to provide their own partners. This is, no doubt, one reason why private subscription dances in town have become so popular. The "Washington Post" is a dance which seems to be rapidly gaining favour, and it is unanimously agreed to be one in which a woman is shown to great advantage. When well danced the movements are very graceful, and remind us that the poetry of motion does still exist, although it has been wonderfully conspicuous by its absence in ballrooms of late, where the "hoppy" waltz, and the lancers danced in the football scrummage style, have been so much in vogue.

In spite of the terrible weather of last Saturday afternoon, the ballad concert at the Queen's Hall was as well attended as ever. The programme consisted mainly of selections from Wagner, and though the songs were admirably rendered, the want of an orchestral accompaniment was unquestionably felt. This was less noticeable, however, when Mr. Plunket Greene sang, "O Star of Eve," from Tannhäuser, for the cello obligato played by Miss A. Elieson gave the fullness which is so essential to this composer's music. Many amateurs, no doubt, come to these concerts in the hope of hearing either old or new songs, which they can add to their own repertoire. On Saturday Miss Evangeline Florence sang Mr. Felix Corbett's new song of "Blossoms," which is light and pretty, but requires a very flexible soprano voice. Mr. Andrew Black's singing of "Kit, the Flower of the Regiment," was immensely appreciated, and the composer, Mr. Stephen Adams, who accompanied the song, must have felt flattered by the rapturous encore which was given. The Irish song, "The Little Red Fox," arranged by Mr. Arthur Somervell, was most warmly received. The air is taken from one of Moore's melodies, which is generally known as "Let Erin remember," though "The Little Red Fox" was its original name. The words by Francis A. Fahy are particularly quaint and descriptive. The first verse begins by telling us how the Little Red Fox, a family man, is disturbed from his repose, at his own fireside, by the voice of the hound. He makes excuses for his enforced departure, but assures his friends that he will be back in time for tea. Unfortunately he hates his foes but meanly, and dallies amongst the rocks to express his opinion:—

"I like," says he, "this breeze from the sea,
And the view up here is glorious;
And sweet from below comes the merry tally-ho,
And the hounds' melodious chorus."

It certainly is a charming song, and gives promise of becoming one of the most popular ballads of the day.

Mr. Mark R. Gawen has just finished two pictures that will interest Australians. One of the paintings is of two of the Duke of Portland's choicest brood mares, Mowerina and Tact, and cannot fail to be very attractive to a community with such sporting proclivities as the natives of the great Southern Continent. Truly-drawn and life-like, these Turf celebrities form a pleasing picture as they lazily rest with their offspring amid the pleasant surroundings of the Welbeck stud paddock. The second picture is a more pretentious production, and cannot fail to come as a pleasing surprise to Mr. Gawen's many friends. The work is the outcome of a visit to Scotland, whither the painter went for the purpose of gathering subject matter. It is a strong and truthful study of the wildness of the Highlands, with the mist gathering on mountains and moor, across which wander a group of cattle, sturdy and rough-haired. The work is good in composition, rich, full of life, and has that effective charm so frequently sacrificed nowadays—the charm of being natural. Both works were forwarded to Mr. W. R. Wilson, of St. Albans, by the P. and O. mail steamer Arcadia.

Mr. Alfred Scott Gatty has made a great success by his adaptation of the old fairy-tale, "The Three Bears," as a musical play. The dialogue and music are both simple and thoroughly suited for young performers. It was lately given by an amateur company in Kensington on behalf of a charity, and to judge by the amount of the receipts it seems to have been greatly appreciated. It was stage-managed by the composer himself, and, of course, the success of a musical play of this kind must always very greatly depend on the stage-managing. When casting the piece it should be remembered that such parts as the King, Queen, Santa Claus, and a few others ought to be taken by grown up people; but Golden Locks, the three Bears, and Jack Frost, are characters which can be sustained by children. There are some charming dances, but perhaps the one in which the greatest effect can be made is the Snow Ballet in the second act.

The deepest interest has been shown by nurses in the hospital preparations for the Benin Expedition, and many would have liked to volunteer, being actuated by the same motives as soldiers who crave for the experience of active service. The hospital ship, "Malacca," will, however, hold an isolated position, as she is to be moored some five miles from the shore, so that those on board can, at the most, only expect to see a line of coast in the distance, with possibly a fringe of palms.

The destruction of Lady de la Warr's house in Grosvenor Street by fire in the early hours of Tuesday morning has been one of the great sensations of the week in town. Her ladyship's escape from the window of a bedroom on the second floor is mainly attributable to the courage and coolness under danger which she displayed. There are few more trying situations in which it is possible to be placed than to be some stories high up in a burning house with all retreat by the landings and stairs cut off. Only those who have had practical experience of the sickening chill which strikes home to the heart and momentarily paralyses the actions of the bravest at such a time when the realisation of their position flashes upon them, can fully appreciate the self-control that keeps a cool head and knows how to act. It is greatly to be regretted that one of the other inmates of the burning mansion was less fortunate than Lady de la Warr. One of the domestics jumped from an upper window and was very seriously hurt.

On January 22nd, 1897, in the High Court of Chancery, Mr. Justice Kekewich granted an injunction restraining the sale of "Velutina" as "Selvyt," and ordered the delivering up, for destruction, of all the polishing cloths known as "Velutina." From this decision it is presumable that "Velutina" has been held to be one of those barefaced imitations of a patented article which are so common whenever anything has proved itself to be more than ordinarily to the taste of the general public. "Selvyt" has so well established its usefulness that it is satisfactory to find that, despite the Bumble dictum, the law is not "hass" enough to allow the rights of its proprietors to be infringed.

A new cycle brake, known as the "Baxter" Brake, is shortly to be placed on the market. It is said to be free from many of the shortcomings and disadvantages attached to previous inventions. It is made in the form of a hand-and-foot brake, and has the advantage that it can be utilised as a foot-rest as well. It is also asserted that it will stop a machine within a marvellously short distance without injury to the cycle. The inventor claims for it that it is strongly made, neat, light, and very reliable. That being so, it should prove a great boon to all wheelmen and women.

He was a very small boy, some four feet high, from the country; in buttons, but with a soul above them. Every morning when he heard Mary, the parlour-maid blow the cab whistle to call a hansom for the master of the house, he wondered at her moderation in restricting herself to two short, sharp blasts on the shrill pipe, and he made up his mind that if it ever came to his turn to "blow that thing," he would show them what could be done. His opportunity came at last. One day this week, Mary being out of the way, he was directed by his master, after breakfast, to "Get me a hansom!" Seizing the whistle, with ill-disguised delight, he planted his four feet of humanity in the centre of the doorway, and blew five long, loud blasts on the whistle. Pausing but half a minute to take breath, he repeated the performance, to find himself almost immediately confronted by three burly constables of the Metropolitan Police force, who came up at a run from different quarters in answer to the call for help. Mary is to whistle for the cabs in future.

COUNTRY HOMES; WARWICK CASTLE.—I.

THERE is a wide distinction between the hall of Charlecote and the castle of Warwick. The far-winding Avon flows down from one to the other, just as did the stream of time between the two. They stand within five miles of one another, in the same historic shire, visibly representing wholly different ideas. We saw in the house of Sir Thomas Lucy the country home of a courtly knight who looked upon the beginning of modern things, for whom oaken doors with heavy locks were fence and barrier enough. But at Warwick, instead of terraces and steps leading down to the stream, we see the long grey

embattled wall of the castle rearing its rugged grandeur above the river, and the formidable height of Cæsar's tower gloomily dominating the scene. These are the principal buildings of the baronic stronghold. They look, on the other side, over the inner ward of the castle, which is enclosed by a great embattled curtain wall, with the gate house and barbican on one hand, Guy's Tower beyond, the Bear and Clarence Towers opposite, and Ethelfleda's mount on the other hand. A sense of greatness and magnificence is stamped upon the grey walls, to which ivy fondly clings; the battle-



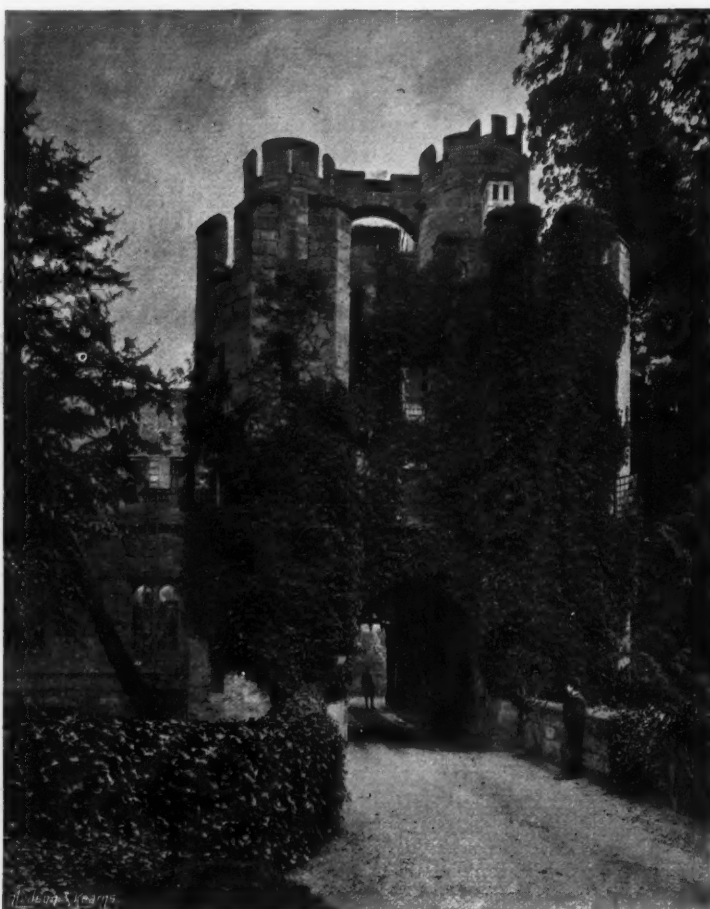
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WARWICK CASTLE

ments, towers and turrets, the green sward of the court, shadowed by gaunt and rugged pines, under which peacocks proudly strut, and the badge of the Bear and Ragged Staff that flutters in the breeze. England has few such princely country homes as Warwick, "the harmonious growth of many ages," says Washington Irving, looking in these peaceful days "like a grand old lion lying down, with its paw tenderly placed over a tired lamb."

Of the "doungeon" of wise Ethelfleda, Alfred's daughter, or that of the Conqueror's days, still less of the deeds of redoubtable Guy, who looms wondrous large in story, I shall not speak. There was much fighting at Warwick in the Wars of the Barons, when William Mauduit, then Earl, and the Countess were seized in their castle and carried off to Kenilworth by the rebels. It was from his headquarters at Warwick, too, that Henry III. set out for his siege of Kenilworth. But these times are half legendary. It is easier to picture the grim scene at Warwick when Guy Beauchamp and his resolute companions, having captured Gaveston at Scarborough, brought him trembling hither, and tried him, with a foregone verdict, by torchlight in the hall. The Gascon coxcomb had goaded them too far, and they dragged him on the morrow along the Coventry road to his death on Blacklow Hill. The scene of the weird tribunal was burnt down some years ago, but a new and stately hall has been raised in its place.

It was about, or shortly after, this time that some of the most remarkable portions of the castle were built. There is the huge bulk of the gatehouse and barbican, with double portcullis and machicolated towers, which threatened instant destruction to unwelcome visitors who ventured the narrow way. Caesar's tower rose at the bidding of the first Thervas de Beauchamp shortly after the middle of the fourteenth century. A wonderful example of military architecture is this. Stand at the foot of its huge sloping base, near the ruined mill, where the lord's men were bound to grind their corn, and gaze up at the loop-holed walls and the lofty machicolated cresting, and you will see how ill it must have fared with foemen winging their shafts and impotently ranging balisters or monstrous catapults below. A mediæval Vauban must this have been who nicely calculated the angles of the loopholes so that the gallery and its fighting men might be cleared, and so planned the sloping base that huge stones would bound off



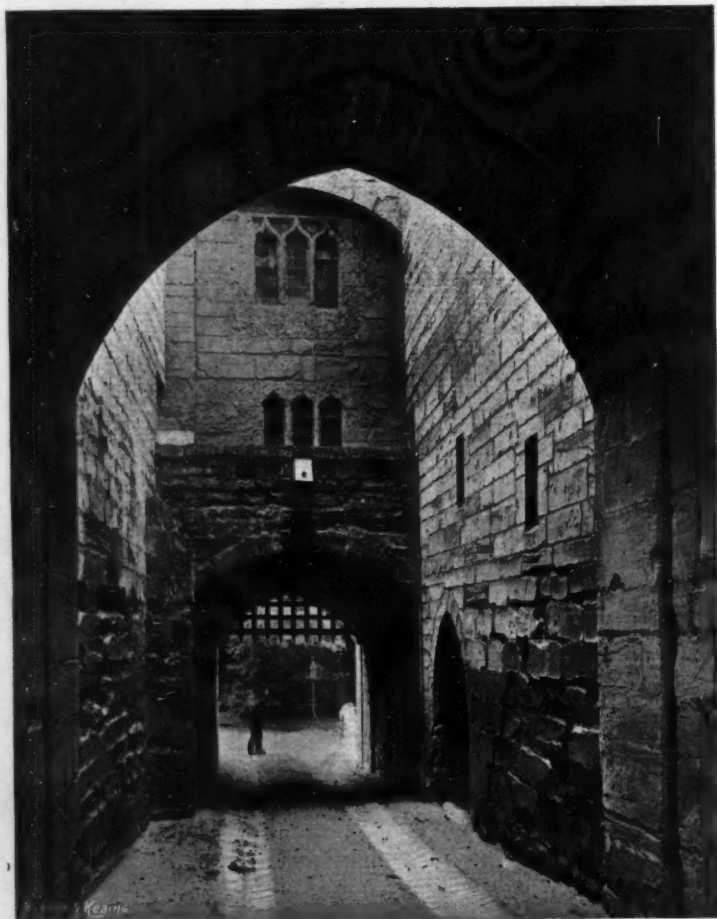
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ENTRANCE TO THE CASTLE. "COUNTRY LIFE."

to the discomfiture of the foe. To mine the rock would have been impossible, but there were bold spirits in those days, who might have ventured a trial, though, to all such, downfalls of molten lead, boiling water, or other scarifying substances promised instant destruction.

The warder on his watch tower high had a splendid vantage on the height, but a distant view was obtainable also from Guy's Tower, a multangular structure beyond the gatehouse at the northern angle of the court. This is a massive work of great strength, machicolated above for its own protection, and commanding from its loopholes the curtain walls in both directions, as well as the interior of the court. Other towers there are, too, adjacent—the Bear Tower, begun by Richard III., and the Clarence Tower, probably by his brother, but these are incomplete. You look across from them to the many windowed domestic buildings of the castle, with their embattled crests and turrets. Originally the twin towers flanked a road out into Warwick, but now you issue between them into the lovely gardens, which give a magnificent view over the river to the green shelter of the park. So much must suffice for a description of the external character of Warwick Castle. Something more intimate I shall say of it in a further article. Let us here contemplate it then as the home of mail-clad men, a stronghold where, if injustice was sometimes done perhaps, plentiful hospitality flowed often for the benefit of the poor and weary. It was a place to which in times of civil peril men could look for protection, for its lords were strong and earnest men. In that exquisite remain of mediæval architecture, the Beauchamp chapel in Warwick Church, with hands uplifted, upon a magnificent high tomb lies the effigy of one of them, of the munificent Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, Governor of France and Normandy, who died at Rouen in 1439—the same who, in Shakespeare's *Henry VI.*, will heap higher the barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake where stands the condemned Pucelle, "that so her torture may be shortened." A good soldier and a sound statesman in stirring times was this. He was visited at the castle by Henry V., and the stout king-maker, Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, brought hither Edward IV. as a prisoner in 1469. It was through him that Warwick came to the crown, a noble possession truly, that opened its later life with Elizabeth's grant of it to the Dudleys.

JOHN LEYLAND.



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A NORMAN GATEWAY.

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